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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE odds are that M. Flandin's Government, which clings obstinately to the past gold parity of the franc, will be out of office before the end of the week. To almost every foreign observer, the case for devaluation seems overwhelmingly strong. It is nonsense to contend, as nevertheless M. Germain-Martin, the Finance Minister, did contend before the Chamber on Tuesday, that the present run on the franc is all the work of wicked speculators, and has nothing to do with anything in the internal situation of the country. It is nonsense to pretend, as M. Germain-Martin did, that until the speculators started their machinations France was heading straight for economic recovery. On the contrary, the internal situation was growing worse, and M. Flandin, under pressure from the Bank of France, had abandoned his earlier policy of domestic reflation in favour of renewed deflation. Events in Belgium showed plainly the practicability of limited and controlled devaluation of the currency, and strengthened the hands of the devaluationists in France. M. Flandin and M. Germain-Martin responded only by demanding emergency powers, in order not to bring about a controlled change in the gold value of the franc, but to take further measures towards budgetary equilibrium, largely by reducing the volume of public services and the remuneration of public employees.

After M. Flandin, What?

If M. Flandin does fall, who, or what, will take his place? There are wild rumours of impending Fascist dictatorship, under M. Chiappe or Colonel De la Rocque, or one of the other anti-parliamentary leaders. What seems far more likely is a new parliamentary coalition which, even if it begins by asserting its determination to defend the franc at all costs, will soon acknowledge that controlled devaluation is the only means of defence. Probably no government except a broad-based coalition can venture to admit this evident fact, though the bankers' alternative to it, deflation *à outrance*, is still less politically practicable. France can, of course, stay on gold for some time yet, if she is prepared to keep up a very high bank rate and nevertheless to watch her gold stock gradually ebbing away. But we can see absolutely nothing to recommend this policy, except the politicians' fear of being held up to the execration of the small rentiers and pensioners as the destroyers of their savings. Their

savings would not in fact be destroyed by moderate devaluation any more than similar savings have been destroyed in Britain, or Belgium, or Sweden, or Denmark, or any of the other countries in which it has been carried into effect. But the French politicians of the Government *bloc* appear to be either terrified of the rentier vote or so committed to banking orthodoxy as to be incapable of facing obvious facts.

Collapse of the N.R.A.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the effect in the United States of the Supreme Court judgment on the National Industrial Recovery Act. The unanimity and completeness of the findings are beyond all precedent. The Roosevelt Administration could not do other than assume the constitutionality of the code-making power under the Act, and it is this power, as delegated to the President by Congress, which the Court has swept away. There was no serious anticipation in Washington of the impending doom, but the fact that judgment has gone against the Government upon eighteen counts without a single note of dissent from the famous liberal Justices, Brandeis and Cardozo, obviously means that the letter of the Constitution is not in doubt. The N.R.A. comprises nearly 600 regulating Codes and 200 supplementaries. These govern the lives and work of 22,000,000 workers and 3,000,000 establishments. As a Federal creation this entire structure disappears, and with it a number of important Federal agencies that have exercised large powers and dispensed lavish funds, while the farm-mortgage organisation which for the past two years has supported some millions of distressed farmers suffers the same fate.

The Next Steps?

Mr. Roosevelt, it is plain, has no constitutional way out. The N.R.A. cannot be saved by legislation, and Congress for the time being is paralysed. The President must rely in this emergency upon appeals for co-operation in maintaining the Codes as a practical necessity, and there is evidence that the leading concerns will respond, for the Codes in all the great industries were essentially made by the employers. There is, nevertheless, danger of widespread chaos. A price-cutting war broke out instantly in the great cities, and it will be something like a miracle if strikes on a huge scale in the coalfields and the textile districts are not provoked by the employers' determination to make an end of the scales of wages and hours established under the N.R.A. Not many months ago Mr. Baldwin was describing the American President as a dictator wielding greater powers than any European ruler. Upon that dictum the Supreme Court has written the most ironical of imaginable footnotes.

The Cabinet Reconstruction

A few days hence the Great Cabinet Reconstruction will be announced, and ten thousand prophets and tipsters will be confounded or confirmed. There is hardly a Ministry that rumour has not played with in the last few weeks, but the points on which there is a consensus of opinion are very few. Everybody knows that Mr. Baldwin is going to be Prime Minister, but whether Mr. MacDonald is to be "kicked upstairs," or what office, if any, he will take, is still a matter of speculation. Sir John Simon's departure from the Foreign Office is taken for certain; but where will he go? The Home Office in these days would be a come-down, and to the Woolsack, say the pundits, he could only climb over Lord Hailsham's body. A more important question for the country is who is to succeed him in Downing Street. Mr. Eden is naturally the favourite, but there are some who rule him out on the grounds of his "youth and inexperience." Yet this infant is 38, and it would not be easy to find any of his elders with a better experience—let alone a more creditable record—in foreign affairs. For the rest, we may guess as we please, and ask ourselves at the end whether the general post will make any difference visible to the naked eye.

The India Bill

The Report stage of the India Bill in the Commons was marked by discussion on many questions which Mr. Churchill and his fellow Die-hards treated as serious; but with Sir Samuel Hoare in command the Government had no difficulty in completing its amendments. The most important, probably, are the provisions that proclamations by the Viceroy suspending the Constitution under the breakdown clause must secure parliamentary approval, and that, should constitutional changes be made during an emergency period affecting the rights of Indian States, the Princes cannot be held liable to them if they modify the federal system to which their adherence has been given. The Duchess of Atholl made a vain attempt to have the Punjab saddled with a second chamber, against, as the Secretary of State pointed out, the decided majority opinion of the province. The Government stood by the method of indirect election to the Central Legislature, although, as the Opposition insisted, all the Indian parties are against it. The India Bill must be the main concern of the Lords during the summer weeks, and meanwhile in India all political issues are subordinated to the question of the Congress party's attitude to the Constitution. A decision to stand aside would mean, of course, that the new India would in the initial stage be controlled entirely by the Right, and the dominant party in the National Congress are not of the kind to allow that.

The Czechoslovakian Elections

The elections to the provincial Diets in Czechoslovakia were held last Sunday, and showed a further access of strength in Bohemia to Herr Henlein, the leader of the Czech Nazis. In the general election the week before he gained a triumph, and his party returns to the Chamber with more votes than any other. The German Social Democratic and Agrarian parties fade out, and it must be assumed now that the Czech Germans are overwhelmingly Nazi. The effects can hardly fail to be important. Henlein seized the moment to send a message of loyalty to President Masaryk, but this was generally regarded as no more than an astute move in the game of disrupting Czechoslovakia, which still remains on record as one of those countries that Hitler regards as properly belonging to the Third Reich. The serious part of Henlein's success is that it inevitably brings to an end the happy co-operation between Czech Liberals and Socialists on the one side and Czech Germans on the other. There will now be a demand for the sup-

pression of the Czech Nazis; but they amount to nearly a quarter of the population of Czechoslovakia and could be suppressed only at great cost. Apart from Henlein's success over the other German parties the parties remain much as they were, the Social Democrats and the Communists slightly increasing their strength and Dr. Benes's Socialist party slightly losing ground. The coalition of the Agrarian party and Dr. Benes's party will continue, but scarcely so comfortably. It is to be hoped that the effect of Henlein's success will be to force unity on several Czech parties (there are sixteen in all) which are now ridiculously divided not by differences of policy but by personal considerations.

Housing Progress

The Ministry of Health has issued another of its self-gratulatory half-annual reports on housing progress. During the past six months, up to the end of March, the provision of new houses by private enterprise has reached a new record, which has more than offset the fall in municipal building since the withdrawal of the Wheatley subsidy. Over the six months, private enterprise accounted for nearly 150,000 new houses, as against only 14,000 built with the aid of subsidies and 4,000 built by municipal bodies without subsidy. Municipal activity is, of course, at present concentrated almost exclusively on slum-clearance, for which alone Exchequer help is now available. During the six months under review approval was given to the provision of about 24,000 houses under re-housing schemes—a small increase in comparison with the previous half-year. In reply to the charge that the present activity of house-builders does not meet the need for houses to let at low rates, it is urged that about 35,000 out of the 168,000 built during the past six months have been low-rented houses for letting, and another 13,000 have been for letting at higher rents. This only bears out the contention that most of the houses now building are for sale, and not to let, and that the numbers available for wage-earners' occupation are exceedingly small. Low interest rates have been very effective in stimulating the private builder; but they have brought little direct help to the ordinary working-class tenant, except to the extent to which they have released older houses for his occupation.

The T.U.C. and the Cotton Industry

The Trade Union scheme for the socialisation of the cotton industry, published this week by the General Council of the T.U.C., follows the now familiar model of a control board of full-time administrators appointed by the Government. Leaving the Liverpool Cotton Exchange alone for the present, the Trade Unions propose to socialise the industry by stages, compensating the present owners on a basis of "net maintainable revenue." Pending complete socialisation, firms would continue to operate under licenses from the Board, and subject to its directions. There would be sectional bodies controlling each main branch of the industry, and "workers' control" would be instituted by means of works and workshop committees and regular consultation of the Unions concerned. Observance of standard conditions laid down by the Board would be a condition of the issue or renewal of licences; and the Board's duty would include the formulation of plans for the complete reorganisation of the industry, section by section. The scheme would cover marketing, as well as manufacturing; and it seems to be contemplated that marketing under the new conditions would be undertaken directly under the auspices of the Board. The Board itself would consist not of representatives of Trade Unions or any other interest, but of persons appointed on grounds of competence; and the Unions would be consulted before the appointments were made.

Civil Liberties

A year's record of excellent public service is contained in the first annual report of the National Council for Civil Liberties, of which Mr. E. M. Forster is president. Three chief dangers to the liberties of the citizen had become evident when the Council started work in 1934. These were the Incitement to Sedition Bill, the activities of the British Fascists, and the many unwarrantable restrictions on public expression, together with political discrimination in connection with meetings or processions arising from the action of the police authorities. The Council's attack upon the Sedition Bill was organised through public meetings of protest and was effectively illustrated by the petition to Parliament in October, contained over 63,000 signatures. The many disturbances at Fascist and other demonstrations led the Council to adopt the plan of posting observers at points of vantage. Police action, or rulings by the police authorities, were challenged in Manchester, Portsmouth and other places, usually with good effect. The Council found it necessary to take vigorous action in the matter of sub-standard films, since the evidence seemed to show that the Home Office was allowing itself to be led into attempts to effect by departmental action changes which should properly be the subject of fresh legislation. The annual report is not by any means confined to matters of law and official conduct. It includes also accounts of such things as the mock-trial under the Sedition Act of Low the cartoonist—an example of satiric assault which will doubtless be repeated.

Collective Security

"Collective security" is in some danger of becoming a catchword. It is in reality a complicated problem which demands hard thinking on many points and by many minds. We welcome, therefore, the meeting in London of the Eighth International Studies Conference from June 3rd to the 8th, to discuss this problem in a "non-political" atmosphere. Lord Meston will be its President and Lord Lytton will lead the British Group. The Conference, with the Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, represents an important attempt under the official auspices of the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation of the League to bring about the exchange of views and ideas between scholars who have made a special study of the questions under discussion. The participants have no connection with Governments, but attend in their individual capacity as representing an institution or university department engaged in the scientific study of international relations. A wide range of subjects will be dealt with next week, including the means for the prevention of war and the peaceful settlement of international disputes, the organisation and application of sanctions, and the place of the existing law of neutrality in a system of collective security.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.

THE LEAGUE AND ITS CHAMPIONS

THE Covenant of the League of Nations was fought over on two fronts last week. In both engagements the British Government played a leading part; but it came out of them with very different degrees of credit. At Geneva Mr. Eden was defending the principles of the League, as strongly as his instructions would allow him, against a present and flagrant aggression. At Westminster his colleagues, with their eyes on a possible aggressor in the future, were propounding their case for bigger air armaments. Whilst doing lip service to the principle of collective security, they were in effect betraying it.

We join heartily in the tributes paid from all quarters (except Italian) to Mr. Eden, "that terrible young man who wants peace," as he was dubbed by an irritated diplomat in the corridors of Geneva. He fought long and hard, and the success of the League Council in bringing Signor Mussolini to terms was due to his efforts, aided at the end by those of M. Laval. But that success was far from being the triumph that some of the newspapers called it. Mussolini has not surrendered at discretion. He has abated some of his claims in the matter of arbitration with Abyssinia; he has agreed that, if three months hence no settlement is in sight, the League Council shall again take the question in hand and that it shall meanwhile be left in touch with developments. But he has carried his point that nothing shall be done in regard to delimiting the frontiers until after the Conciliation and Arbitration Commission has finished. And he has refused to allow any interference with his military preparations or the dispatch of troops to Africa. Indeed, Baron Aloisi defiantly told the Council that his Government "could not in any case admit that measures for the legitimate defence of its territory should be the subject of comments from any quarter whatsoever, or that they should be exploited with the view to alarming and disturbing international public opinion." We need not stop to analyse that ingenious presentation of the facts. It is clear that the Italian leopard has not yet changed his spots, or abandoned his designs on his Ethiopian prey. Of course, it is all to the good that the Geneva resolution has gained time, and that it has brought into the foreground the moral obligation to come to terms and the methods of effecting a settlement. If counsels of prudence and decency prevail in Italy between now and the end of August, she can have peace without any loss of face. If, on the other hand, Mussolini is set on "cleaning up" Abyssinia, then the Geneva proceedings may merely impress him with the necessity for an accomplished fact as soon as possible. For, once war has begun, he may argue, the Great Powers will do nothing to stop him by closing the Suez Canal or otherwise; whereas if peace drags on too long they may try to prevent Italy resorting to war by warning her of the measures they are prepared to take. We hope that the Duce is not thinking on these lines. But until he has shown that he is not, the situation remains dangerous, and the League's resolution, important as it may be, represents a truce rather than a victory.

And what of the proceedings at Westminster? The trebling of the Air Force does less than nothing to allay fears in Europe. It is on the face of it a confession of failure—the failure of the Powers to agree on the disarmament to which they pledged themselves fifteen years ago. That, of course, the British Government is bound to admit, though it will not admit its own large share in the responsibility for the failure. But since Ministers still profess a belief in the League of Nations and the system of collective security, they cannot say plainly, with Lord Beaverbrook and his friends, that the League is a sham or a useless toy, and that our sole salvation lies in our arming ourselves to the teeth against all and sundry. They present themselves, therefore, as devoted champions of the League. They adopt the line that bigger national armaments will actually serve the cause of collective security, that it is our duty as a loyal member of the League to make our fair contribution to the forces available against an aggressor. They wax eloquent on this theme, and show no patience with anyone who asks questions about the amount we should be expected to put into the common pool. Sir Stafford Cripps argued the other day, as many of us have argued over and over again, that if we and France and Russia and the rest of us really mean collective security when we say it, there are already ample forces available for use against an aggressor without the trebling of the British Air arm. Mr. Baldwin's reply to this produced peals of laughter from a Conservative Women's meeting at the Albert Hall. It was the first time, he said, that he had ever heard an English public man advocate security on the cheap! That is a sneer which only has a point if you beg the question and assert, as it suits the Conservatives to do, that we are not making our proper contribution. And has it occurred to Mr. Baldwin that he is himself an advocate of "security on the cheap" by the standards of Lord Rothermere who wants us to have 10,000—or is it 20,000—fighting aeroplanes?

But this argument of our duty to the League got badly muddled in the parliamentary debate, as Major Attlee pointed out in a trenchant letter to the *Times* last Tuesday. The main reason put forward for the trebling of the Air Force was the necessity of our being equal to Germany—not superior in conjunction with other Powers to Germany, but equal single-handed to Germany, and this despite the belief which Mr. Baldwin holds, or used to hold, that no country single-handed can make itself proof against attack. That is not a League argument; it is, as Major Attlee says, the isolationists' argument. Nor are we to be taken in by the suggestion that an increase of armaments—"some parity in numbers" as Mr. Baldwin speciously puts it—will make it easier to get an agreement for limitation or reduction all round. If he really believes this, why should he not encourage the Germans, when they come to the Naval Conference next week, to build a fleet equal to ours? It is to be hoped indeed that some day we shall have the sense to agree to disarm. But it is childish to pretend that we are bringing that day nearer by piling up our forces on a national "parity" basis and indoctrinating the peoples with a faith in the efficacy of big armaments.

This indoctrination is going on apace. Some members of the National Government and many of its supporters are busy at the task. Lord Londonderry's speech in the House of Lords last week was sinister in tone and terms—with its bellicose reply to the German menace, its magniloquent appeal to the youth of England, and its naive boast

of how at the Disarmament Conference in 1932 he had struggled to preserve the use of the bombing aeroplane. Fortunately, if rumour speaks true, Lord Londonderry will be out of the Government before long. But others who share his attitude are likely to be left, and even the milder sort, like Mr. Baldwin, are committed to a policy which must inevitably worsen the situation in Europe—or to put it differently, are not committed to the only policy which can better the situation. The charge against the Government is not that it desires war, but that it has shown feebleness and incompetence in its attempts to establish peace. We do not doubt Mr. Baldwin's sincerity when he says that the thought of war makes him "almost physically sick." But we are less interested in his stomach than in his head. What the country—and the country means not only the Labour Party and the Liberals but a vast number of Conservatives as well—what the country expects of the Government is a clear understanding of the principles of the League and a more resolute pursuit of them. We want limitation, or preferably reduction, of armaments, not at the Greek Kalends but now. We want collective security—and, *pace* the Albert Hall, at as cheap a price as possible for ourselves and everyone else.

COLOUR AND THE COMMONWEALTH

"It has been agreed that the best policy to pursue in present circumstances is to extend co-operation between the Union Government and the Administration of the Territories over as wide a field as possible." — The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P., on the Protectorates.

IT is astonishing that the explicit statement of such an obvious procedure should be necessary. Features of what threatened to become a lively imperial quarrel have also been surprising and not a little disturbing to many who hoped that the development of the British Commonwealth was one of the few achievements of the post-war world. The *Times*, which has long been reticent enough (on the late Tshekedi case it prided itself on its wisdom in refraining from comment till the case was settled and the Chief reinstated), itself brought the debate to a climax with three serious articles in which Mr. Lionel Curtis, a leader of the usually anonymous *Round Table* group, came out definitely on the side of transfer to the Union. Twice in one issue it stressed in headlines the need for goodwill, then closured debate with a warning from a much respected correspondent of "the deplorable consequences of controversy." Apparently the dignity of the Union must not be affronted by emphasising the admitted differences of principle which have so long delayed the transfer of these Territories to its trusteeship. This evasion of issues by constant appeal to goodwill alone is to cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace.

Mr. Curtis has an imperial respect for large geographical units. At the same time as he censures Union Native policy, he seems to think that the Union enlarged to include the Protectorates might prove morally more enlightened. He even finds British neglect of its trusteeship in those unlucky Territories another good reason for handing them over to be a wider moral practising ground for the Union. The dignity of personality and the principle of consent are the very corner stones of the new Commonwealth, of which Mr. Curtis has been almost the prophet; but here he gives clear expression to a doctrine of trusteeship which makes "consultation" a mere formality and would leave any change of their status for the trustee alone to decide, if possible with the consent of the natives concerned. This teaching must lead the Crown Colonies—which very definitely begin to have opinions of their own—to ask what has become of the old Liberal theory which carried the once dependent Dominions, by well-recognised stages, to their present dignity as co-equal partners in an alliance of freely consenting nations.

History will certainly date a change of emphasis from the Boer War. Since then imperial politics have been swayed at home, to an extent few recognise, by men whose habits of thought were formed by their South African experience. Journalism represented by the *Times* itself has its share of such men. In literature there are Mr. Rudyard Kipling, John Buchan, and lesser lights. At least one or two have held Cabinet rank. Friends and followers of Cecil Rhodes are still a considerable body, and obviously the City has most intimate South African connections. Academically aloof and detached from all parties, the *Round Table* group came into being in South Africa as the "Milner kindergarten," and by wholly devoted labours has earned for itself a special place in all that concerns the Empire. Imperial affairs little concern the home electorate and rarely shoot up into prominence like "Chinese Slavery" in 1906. Never before had there been so many in England with actual "Empire experience"—inevitably their enthusiasm made Empire politics their special preserve. The pity is that they were so much of one political complexion, and their South African experience so exclusively gained at a time when the quarrels of British and Dutch crowded out of sight the affairs of the black majority of the population. An overwhelming though honourable concern for healing these feuds drew them from Victorian Liberal idealism to an exclusive consideration for maintaining unity with the great Dominions.

South Africa, with all respect for its sister Dominions, is probably more interesting and has more character than any of them. Living in that country is pleasant and unusually comfortable; happy, cheerful black servants make for a spacious leisure impossible in cafeteria-ridden America—and never by any chance word or deed remind those they serve of their membership of a rightless and often landless proletariat. The kindly personalities of its present Prime Minister and of the genial author of *Commando* are characteristic products of this life; and even an occasional world-figure like General Smuts is no mere accident.

Yet the intellectual air is far from keen. Much open-air life tells against heavy reading; even Mr. Curtis can solemnly accept part of the myth still passing for history; and politics in higher circles are a play not so much of fact and principle as of personalities and *praat* (talk)—talking it out with other "knowledgeable" persons—in old President Kruger's day over the coffee cups on his *stoep*—latterly in the friendly atmosphere of the Pretoria Club, or on a shooting trip in the Bushveld. For the mental stimulus to be had from the brains of big business, with a pleasing sense of mystery and power, more talk—in the famous bar of the Rand Club—and from all this a passion for large "problems."

In the young days of those who have so largely influenced the modern Commonwealth all imperial politics turned on the unfortunate quarrel with the naturally friendly and lovable Dutch, a gentlemen's war—apparently about mines and capital—also a gentlemen's coming together again in this charming atmosphere. It is true there was one question not to be mentioned among gentlemen—certain traditional differences of opinion about the rights of those black servants. The native population was in fact at that time passive and contented. Transkeian blacks were only just beginning to go out to work on the mines; drought and war-time prices on top of stationary wages had not yet made the exodus a flood. Mr. Philip Kerr, now the Marquess of Lothian, had in 1908 taken a big part in the first serious study of poor whites; neither he nor any of his friends had occasion to apply their great abilities to the native Question. But then the Cape natives still had their own rights, and fair assurance that their fellows would presently come to share the privilege of enfranchisement. This was a troublesome prospect to the Dutch, perhaps to Natal, but still too remote to be disturbing to the constitution makers, Lord Milner's pupils. Completely free of any possible antagonism towards the African, like Mr. Curtis to-day, they

showed no appreciation of his latent powers and felt it was simply beyond him to share in their great designs. Meanwhile the Liberals of 1910 were the " pro-Boers " of 1900, concerned chiefly about an injustice to the Boers. They boggled at the parliamentary colour bar in the Act of Union, trusted to good will to save and extend the Cape Native Franchise, and contented themselves by reserving control of the Protectorates till a more convenient season.

The Union was unquestionably a great political achievement. But many who returned from its making to strategical positions at the centre brought to the task—together with a rather South African political technique—an acquired caution in all matters Native—and also this delusion that all Africans are children necessarily incapable of sharing directly in the councils of the Commonwealth. Still there is no antagonism. Immediate Native interests would be safe enough under their guidance and direction. The enlightened *Round Table* never lost its balance in the war years and has never hesitated even to reprove South Africa for its reactionary colour laws.

The always anonymous *Round Table* teaching is credited with having penetrated and permeated thought and action in imperial matters with a thoroughness which if true should be the envy of the Fabian Society. Before becoming a legend they should tell the world their own story. Their clear vision of the big imperial idea seems to be gained at times by ignoring details like the African, and the fundamental cleavage of opinion between themselves and the Union. An early South African judgment has crystallised in a parable. While crediting the Milner administration of the city with more than one beneficent big scheme Johannesburg tradition still fathers on it responsibility also for omission to renew a simple lease of the Town Offices, and in consequence for heavy expense on an emergency structure long after known to fame as the Tin Temple!

In these later years the leading journal of Commonwealth, the *Round Table*, has quarter by quarter guided and inspired leader writers in all the Dominions, but rarely gives space to the affairs of far more numerous fellow-subjects in the dependent Empire. Only South Africa and that other Dominion, Great Britain, have major "Native" responsibilities, and there is none to instruct Canada and the rest. The moderation of these new imperialists makes it harder, though more necessary than ever with Liberalism waned and even Tory paternalists disturbed but dumb, for " well-intentioned sentimentalists " to press that the black man must have his place in any Commonwealth worthy of the name.

How necessary, a little acquaintance with the colonies and with real colonial opinion would demonstrate. Almost by default old basic assumptions on which their still amazing loyalty rests have gone: the South African but " un-British " doctrine, that representative institutions are in some way unsuited to Africans, dominates: " indirect rule," which has its uses, rouses fierce suspicion among educated Africans because openly recommended as more suitable to their needs than votes—and this when educated Africans are making some Colonies almost ungovernable by just such explosions of " opinion " as have convulsed India. It is significant that Africans almost invariably address His Majesty King George, as did the Transkeian Council lately, as " the grandson of Victoria the Good." Contrasting their share in the Jubilees of 1887 and 1897 the Colonies will note that the *Times* report of the Empire broadcast on May 6th wholly omitted the speech from Bermuda, their one not very adequate representative on that occasion. Even white opinion in the West Indies (and in the *Round Table*) shies at the new mercantilism which threatens to fill the vacuum left by the decay of old Liberal doctrine.

As the Protectorates debate has shown British opinion is still sound; but it has been unaware of the direction in which policy has drifted—largely owing to a laudable desire to avoid disharmony with one Dominion which has thus far studiously refused to apply the principle of the Commonwealth within its own border. May " co-operation " in the Protectorates mark a new beginning!

W. M. MACMILLAN

A WEEKLY DIARY

A WEEK of political excitements—Hitler's speech, the Abyssinian trouble, the increase in our air force, and so on—raises once more the perpetual question: should the philosopher concern himself with public affairs, or should he retire to a mountain-top and meditate? Philosophers have always been divided into two schools by this problem. Those who were friends of rulers composed maxims for the management of the State; those who were not, consoled themselves with theories about the universe. Philosophy, as we understand it, was invented by refugees, who fled from Ionia when the Persians conquered it. It seems the free Greeks treated the refugees more generously than we treat similar victims, for Xenophanes, imagining a conversation between two of them in old age, says: " This is the sort of thing we should say by the fireside in the winter-time, as we lie on soft couches after a good meal, drinking sweet wine and crunching chickpeas: ' Of what country are you, and how old are you, good sir? And how old were you when the Mede appeared? ' " But soft couches and sweet wine were not enough to make a life of exile pleasant, as appears from his reflections at the age of ninety-two: " There are by this time threescore years and seven that have tossed my careworn soul up and down the land of Hellas; and there were then five-and-twenty years from my birth, if I can say aught truly about these matters." He consoled himself with drink and attacks on Homer and athletics. " No sin is it to drink as much as a man can take and get home without an attendant." " Homer and Hesiod have ascribed to the gods all things that are a shame and a disgrace among mortals." " Far better is our art than the strength of men and horses "—a remark which is followed by an attack on boxing. For the rest, he meditated on physics and metaphysics, saying that all comes of earth and water, and attacking the belief in anthropomorphic deities. He and the other Ionians were the first homeless intellectuals, and having no city to love, they were compelled to think of the universe as home and to become pantheists. In China, where no foreign conquests occurred during the formation period, philosophy never became detached from politics. " All Chinese philosophy," as Mr. Waley says, " is essentially the study of how men can best be helped to live together in harmony and good order."

The loss of political independence made Greek philosophy increasingly metaphysical, abstract, and unworldly. Those Greek intellectuals who had become Roman slaves had a fairly comfortable life, but no voice in public affairs; it is not surprising that they favoured Stoicism. Christianity, which grew up among the politically powerless, did not concern itself with secular matters until the time of Constantine. The Western nations, when they took over a system invented by powerless Orientals, made an uneasy compromise between other-worldliness and love of dominion. We, to whom this compromise has become part of our habitual mental furniture, are still torn between holiness and public spirit, which, obscurely, we feel to be antagonistic to each other.

After dominating the world during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, intellectuals suddenly find themselves in the position of Xenophanes, wanderers without a home or a country. Many are physically exiles; the rest are almost equally isolated. It is not merely that we are not, like Voltaire and Bentham, consulted by Empresses as to how to manage their Empires. It is something less personal and more profound, that " practical " men have created a world so full of madness as to make all possible courses seem undesirable.

* * *

It is interesting to see, in the United States, an important movement among intellectuals towards Socialism. The *New Republic* recently contained the results of an elaborate questionnaire which was sent to university teachers, and it showed—what would certainly not have been the case before 1931—that a considerable proportion among them consider Socialism

the only radical cure for the troubles of the modern world. The New Deal has not fulfilled early hopes, and it seems to many Americans that nothing short of Socialism now remains to be tried. Those who have academic posts, however, cannot easily give expression to opinions disliked by the rich, because boards of rich men control appointments, and may dismiss teachers whose views are subversive, usually on some pretended ground that has nothing to do with their real offence. None the less, the growth of Socialism among intellectuals is likely, in the long run, to have considerable influence in the less rural parts of the United States. This is all part and parcel of the Europeanising of America. A very different example is furnished by a standard contract just received from my American publisher, which speaks repeatedly of "the United States of America and its possessions"—an imperialistic phrase which would have shocked American ears in former days. One hears much of the Americanising of Europe, but the opposite process is just as real; our vices cross the Atlantic first, and our virtues (such as they are) follow in their wake. When bombing aeroplanes can safely cross the Atlantic (and the Pacific) in large numbers, American statesmen will become convinced of the brotherhood of man—the Cain-and-Abel brotherhood which alone seems intelligible to those who control our destinies.

* * *

The state of affairs in China is much more dreadful than most people know. There has been very severe famine for over a year; in the province of Hunan alone, 110,000 persons died of hunger in six months. (My authority is a bulletin of "Les Amis du Peuple Chinois," a French Society of which the Committee consists of eminent professors and writers.) As usual at such periods, cannibalism has occurred. The peasants have demanded relief, but the Government does nothing; on the contrary, it imprisons them if they fail to pay their taxes. Many of them, in despair, become bandits, or Communists if any Communist troops are in their neighbourhood. The Communists hold both banks of the upper Yangtse, but cannot effect a junction, because Government gunboats patrol the river. The British have occupied parts of Yunnan, and had difficult armed conflicts with the inhabitants, in which numerous villages have been destroyed. From Peking northward, everything is controlled by Japan, which smuggled, during the month of April, one million ounces of opium from Jehol into North China. The Chinese Government has been effectually prevented by Japanese pressure from concluding a loan elsewhere than in Japan; and the Japanese, in reply to Chinese complaints of "dumping," have stated that China is to remain agricultural and not attempt to develop industry. Meanwhile the generals sent to suppress the Communists quarrel with each other and with Chiang-Kai-shek, and plunder the provinces which they are supposed to pacify.

While Chiang-Kai-shek and the Communists co-operated, it seemed as if China were on the eve of a real regeneration. But their rupture in 1927, which was due to faults on both sides, destroyed the last hope of swift recovery. There is, I suppose, at this moment more mental and physical anguish in China than in any other part of the world. From anarchy there seems no escape except into a condition of abject poverty under Japanese exploitation—always assuming that Japan avoids defeat in war. From this point of view, it is curious to observe that Japan—still willing to learn from the West—has a Five-Year-Plan, which consists in settling three million Japanese along the frontier of the U.S.S.R.

Events in China are the most tragic, and probably the most important, in the world of the past ten years. What was best in China perished in the suppression of Communism; what survives under that name is an expression of despair rather than of hope, and is not, as was the earlier movement, inspired by ordered constructive intelligence. If—as seems not improbable—Japan acquires power to drill the Chinese and direct their economic activities, the age of Jenghis Khan may recur. Our Foreign Office still, as in 1904, prefers the Japanese to the Russians. This is not the view of those who know the Far East. I met, in China, Germans who had been prisoners of the Tsarists, the Bolsheviks, the White Russians, the British, the Americans, and the Japanese; all agreed in disliking the Japanese most. In comparison with the growing power of Japan, our squabbles in Europe are parochial. There are liberal elements in Japan, which feel, as a Japanese correspondent informs me, that "Fascism and Nationalism prevailing in 'Nippon' are ridiculously tremendous"; but these elements will not come into power unless the forward policy suffers defeat, either military or diplomatic. Let us hope that the latter will suffice. BERTRAND RUSSELL

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss I. Walker.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The sight, in Lincoln, of unemployed engineers doing Greek dances was lovelier than lilac or laburnum.—Mr. S. P. B. Mais in *Liverpool Daily Post*.

Dante's immortal poem of his visit to the infernal regions is brought to the screen in the spectacular *Dante's Inferno*. The story has been brought up to date and enriched with the presence of Claire Trevor and Spencer Tracy. Spencer Tracy comes to own the liner in which he once worked as a stoker, and he runs it as a floating gambling palace. Scenes in hell are lavishly produced with blasts of flame, horrible devils and glamorous she-devils.—*Film Weekly*.

It was English music's big night. Even the Albert Hall has never throbbed with such mighty waves of solid British harmony.—*Daily Express*.

. . . The End of the "Maxim Gorki." A crew of eleven, and thirty-six "shock-workers," who were being taken for a joy ride in the machine, were killed. . . Feeling in this country about the accident is probably precisely similar to that of the population of London when the first Zeppelin was destroyed at Potter's Bar.—*The Aeroplane*.

No one in the course of the several thousand years that the human race has been upon the earth has actually seen a man evolving from a lower form of life. That fact in itself ought to beget scepticism as to whether such a thing really ever did happen. . . . Modern theology was doomed to sterility until it escaped from its futilities and began to feel its way back to realities.—Rev. Alexander Ross, the new Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, reported in *Daily Herald*.

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S CALL TO ACTION

What will we say when the children have to go without eggs because the Ministers of his Majesty's Government would not give us the right to grow our own eggs?—*Daily Express*.

Mr. A. P. Twigg, President of the Central Meat Market Association, advocated Press advertising for the "Eat More Meat" campaign when he addressed the Wholesale Fresh Meat Traders' Federation at a luncheon in London on Saturday.

"You want a refined sort of campaign, so get the support of the Press," he added.—*Daily Express* (*Scottish edition*).

HEALTH INSURANCE DOCTORING

FROM its start, the Health Insurance Act and the medical system which forms a notable part of it have been subjected to almost continuous criticism by press and public. A little while ago, this criticism died down; but recently it has burst out again in many mutually unrelated quarters. The incompleteness of the scheme has, from the beginning, been notorious; but the wholesale unemployment consequent on the industrial slump created a situation that even politicians

could not disregard. That continued and forced unemployment should of itself disentitle tens of thousands of men and women to share in the medical and other benefits towards which they had when in work contributed for years, just at the time when these benefits were most urgently needed, constituted a scandal and a grievance the electoral significance of which could not be overlooked. The Insurance and Contributory Pensions Bill introduced by the Government last week will, when enacted, do a good deal to remedy this latest absurdity of Health Insurance administration.

But don't let us imagine that the Bill now on its way to become law removes the only legitimate grounds for criticism. In this short article it is impossible for me to discuss the injustices and inadequacies of our Health Insurance Act in relation to sickness and disablement pay. I have space only to say something about the medical aspects.

I have been panel-doctoring in rather a large way ever since the Insurance Act was passed. I had had nearly twenty years' experience of all sorts of medical practice before 1912. I had practised in the country; I had even practised in the world which hunts four days a week; and, having tired of these, I had for six years plied my craft in one of the poorest districts of East London, at sixpence, a shilling and half-a-crown a time. When Mr. Lloyd George published his scheme, I had a slum practice that was, numerically, enormous. Some idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that, year after year, I personally attended over five hundred women in their confinements. I don't suppose that for five years I ever had four consecutive hours in bed, except on those two or three occasions when I was forced to take a week-end holiday, leaving a locum in charge. O, those locums! But I'll talk about them another time. I had the good fortune to be young, to have gone to the slums from choice, to be interested in people, and to have strong Socialist sympathies. All these things helped to make the work really interesting and exciting; I enjoyed almost every minute of it. But, of course, one couldn't have kept up the pace; and it would have been unfair to expect all my professional neighbours, not in possession of these physical and psychic assets, to put into their work the same measure of enthusiasm.

To begin with, most of the men who practised in my area were there not from choice, but from necessity—whisky or other alleviator of worldly difficulties having made more remunerative practice for them impossible. A shilling a visit, and half-a-crown for a night visit, is not very good pay for a man who has spent nine or ten years at school and five years in specialist training. As might be expected, poor people in general got pretty poor doctoring. Before 1912, the majority of doctors practised in neighbourhoods which included a substantial sprinkling of rich or well-to-do people. They depended on patients of this class, and on the better-paid artisans, for the greater part of their incomes. From the financial point of view, they hardly took the bulk of the working people seriously; though doctors building up a practice were often glad to take "clubs" with a hundred members or more, as useful crutches to help them along till they could walk on their own feet. They were not accustomed to rules and regulations; they certainly were not accustomed to be called upon to defend their treatment or neglect of their poorer patients. The Health Insurance Act, accordingly, was received with violent hostility by the organised medical profession. Given the average medical point of view, the opposition was not unreasonable or inexplicable. The esoterism of medical practice was obviously being undermined. The master was to become the servant. Orders were to be received as well as given.

Mr. Lloyd George's new Act was, however, after a lot of squabbling and haggling, brought into operation. It was to do wonderful things. Every poor man was henceforth to have at his disposal all the medical and surgical science and skill that had hitherto been at the service only of the rich. There was to be a bottle of "real medicine" on every tenement mantelpiece. "Ninepence for fourpence" was but a symbolic expression of the psycho-physical gains which the whole working-class of this country was to enjoy from the promised rare and refreshing fruits. That Health Insurance doctoring, for millions of very poor people, is an advance on the doctoring it replaced, is beyond question. Where one doctor practised in the slums, half-a-dozen or more practise to-day—and a fair proportion of these are among the most competent members of their profession. But the general level of treatment remains low. The routine work is commonly looked upon by the doctors as so much useless drudgery; and the average doctor soon settles down to an unenthusiastic observance of formal regulations that have small relation to efficient medical practice. Far too often, "Get all you can; and give as little as you can," has been the panel doctor's slogan. Naturally enough, the social status of the general practitioner has fallen from that of a professional man to that of a tradesman. This, though understandable, is both unfortunate and, to many individuals, unjust; for there are in this country hundreds—possibly thousands—of panel doctors who do their utmost to live up to the finest traditions of their profession; who, so far as their opportunities permit, place the well-being of their patients before all other considerations.

But the medical treatment officially provided for the wage-earners of the country takes little account of the enormous developments in practical therapeutics during the last quarter of a century. Commonly, the treatment means little more than that every insured person can have a bottle of medicine whenever he wants it and takes the trouble to ask for it. When the Insurance Act was introduced, the bottle of medicine was just about to settle down on its deathbed. The Act rejuvenated it, and to-day there can hardly be a working-class home in the land without a partly consumed eight or ten ounce bottle of bitter or sweet, brown or pinkish, mixture, composed of ingredients in the efficacy of most of which not one doctor in fifty has the slightest faith. No provision is made for serious surgical treatment beyond such as is considered "within the competence and skill" of the average general practitioner—and the medical organisations have striven hard to keep that official standard as low as possible.

Well-to-do people sensibly select one doctor in whom they have confidence, to advise them in respect of every member of their family. A relation of mutual trust and responsibility grows up; and, when necessary, specialist aid is obtained by harmonious arrangement. The sense of responsibility in the doctor is promoted both by financial considerations and by personal pride. Trust and confidence nearly always breed the desire to justify them. How different is the position of the panel doctor in relation to the working-class family to-day! The father and possibly a couple of the grown-up children are his panel patients; the boys and girls at school come under the school doctor; the very young children are seen to at the Child Welfare Clinic; the mother may be under the care of the Ante-natal or Maternity Centre. Other members of the family are, likely enough, receiving attention from the doctors of the Public Assistance Authority. Between all these professional agents there is no linkage; whilst not one of them is in a position effectively to suggest to the Public Health organisations—still less to the politico-economic organisations—the need for remedying the root conditions often responsible for the patient's disorders.

The panel medical system should either be scrapped or radically modified. I believe it to be potentially the best system devisable; but, if it is to be part of a really national Health Scheme, it should cover all the members of the families concerned; should be independent of such irrelevant considerations as unemployment and inability to pay contributions; should be so organically linked up with specialist institutions as to place within the reach of all who need them, in proportion to their need, all the medical knowledge and surgical skill available; and should be freed from the mass of useless rules the observance of which takes up half of the doctor's time and attention, lessens his sense of personal responsibility to his patient, and destroys the spirit of professionalism on which true efficiency so largely depends.

HARRY ROBERTS

PEOPLE WHO TREMBLE TO THINK

THERE are public speakers and writers of letters to newspapers who, when they wish to be particularly impressive, begin a sentence with the words: "I tremble to think." These people usually tremble to think what would happen if some modest proposal made by somebody else were acted upon. In the House of Lords on Tuesday a peer confessed that he trembled to think what would happen to British agriculture if admittedly cruel rabbit-traps were abolished. I was not present at the debate, so that I cannot say for certain whether or not the noble lord's hand really shook or his voice really quivered as he spoke the fateful words. People who tremble to think are usually, in my experience, as cool as cucumbers. A man who trembles to think in a public speech has commonly forgotten all about the matter by the time dinner is on the table.

A short time ago, a correspondent, writing to a great newspaper in defence of the sale and export of arms to foreign countries, declared that he trembled to think of the horrors and cruelties that would have taken place in the Chaco War if the combatants on both sides had not been provided by more advanced countries with the most efficient modern weapons. Did he really tremble as he compared the lot of men massacred and mutilated by the very latest thing in shells with that of their hapless ancestors who fought with stones and knives and bows and arrows? Did he tremble to think what a hell war would have been if some kindly inventor had not tempered its harshness with the discovery of poison gas? A man must have very little to tremble to think about who trembles to think how horrible war would have been without the most modern products of the manufacturers of munitions and armaments. He would be better engaged, I fancy, in trembling to think what will happen to the world if the use of these humane killers and humane maimers and mutilators ever becomes general again.

As a rule, a man who trembles to think is a man who has scarcely paused to think. He is a defender of things as they are because he cannot imagine the world other than it is. A few months ago he trembled to think what would happen to cricket if the new l-b-w. law were passed. Before the War he trembled to think what would happen if women got the vote. I knew an excellent Radical who was so perturbed by the prospect of sex-equality that he had a nightmare vision of an England in which men charged with any offence against women, however innocent they might be, would be convicted by merciless juries of women and condemned to long terms of imprisonment. He was himself a model citizen, but he was convinced that women had no sense of justice, and that under the reign of women—who are after all in a majority and would, of course, all vote and act together—the liberty of a model male citizen would hang by a thread. It is hardly necessary to point out that nothing of the sort that he foresaw has happened. Men would not tremble to think so often if they realised that, so far as legislation is concerned, the things that people fear, like the things that people hope, seldom come to pass. Or it might be nearer the truth to say that neither great apprehension nor great hope is, as a rule, justified by the event.

I do not know how old the phrase, "I tremble to think" is, but I fancy it must have come into common use not long after the discovery of the art of controversy. It is easy to imagine that, when Moses brought down the Ten Commandments there were discontented Israelites who trembled to think of the consequences of these invasions of individual liberty. What, for example, they might have asked, was likely to be the effect of the Commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," on family life? Human nature being what it is, was it wise to make filial piety compulsory? Would not the element of compulsion in the Commandment defeat its purpose? Was there not some justification for the fear that many children, who would otherwise have been devoted to their parents, would be driven into rebellion through irritation at filial love's being made a matter of law and associated with vulgar reward? Arguments as specious have been put forward against many of the good laws that have been passed since the time of Moses.

There are people still living who once trembled to think what would happen to family life if hungry schoolchildren were fed at the public expense. In the first place, they thought, this would destroy the parental sense of responsibility and put an end to that thrift which is so strong a tie between underpaid parent and underfed child. Home would cease to be sweet home if mothers had no longer to deny themselves the necessaries of life in order to keep the souls and bodies of their infants together. The sanctity of family life must not be violated by free sandwiches. I happen to believe in the institution of the family, but I could never see how underfeeding children was the best way to preserve it. Similarly, I could never see how the institution of the family was imperilled by the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Yet many people once trembled to think what the consequences would be if the prying officials of this society were permitted to interfere with the sacred relationship between the parent and the child who suffered miseries unspeakable at his hands.

Children indeed, have had some odd defenders. Many people used to tremble to think what would happen to them if the half-time system were abolished in the factories. The child, we were told, became an asset to the home when it was allowed to work in a factory at an early age. Without its small wage, it would become a burden and therefore, perhaps, incur a certain unpopularity with the older members of the household. And the half-time system was also defended by those who trembled to think what would happen to industry without child labour. I remember reading a speech by an eminent statesman in which he declared that child labour was the corner-stone of a great industry and that without child labour the industry would not continue. Since then the industry has had its ups and downs, but its downs have been due not to the abolition of child labour but to changes of fashion and competition from Japan and elsewhere.

The protection of the aged like the protection of children has found its chief opponents in people addicted to trembling to think. There was a great deal of trembling to think when old age pensions were first proposed. Men who had inherited vast riches trembled to think how the spirit of thrift would be undermined in labourers earning thirty shillings a week, if, without contributing a penny towards it, they were sure of getting five shillings a week as soon as they reached the age of sixty-five or seventy. Who, with this small fortune awaiting him, could fail to play the spendthrift with his pennies in the intervening years? The sturdy independence for which the Englishman was famous all over the world would be gone. The national character would be sapped. A race of free men would be converted into a race of state-aided beggars. And so forth.

For many years, too, we have had people who have tried to make us tremble to think of the consequences of our giving occasional pennies to street-musicians and other mendicants. To give a penny to a poor man, we have been told, is an act of self-indulgence performed at the expense of the poor man's strength of character. We are tempting him to go on indolently blowing into a cornet in the streets instead of making a man of himself at honest work. Apparently, it is the character only of a poor man that you can undermine: give a rich man all the oysters, champagne and cigars that he can consume, and, at the end of it all, his character remains as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar.

I am inclined to the opinion that people who "tremble to think" are nearly always wrong. I doubt whether they tremble, and I am sure they seldom think. They are usually people who are irritated by change, especially by some change that interferes, however slightly, with their interests or pleasures.

Many motorists trembled to think of the consequences of the imposition of the speed-limit in built-up areas. They said that this would make people drive faster in built-up areas and so increase the dangers of the streets. They persuaded themselves that everybody, instead of regarding thirty miles an hour as a maximum speed in towns, would regard it as a minimum, and would rush wildly through crowded streets in which they ought to proceed at a careful crawl. Of course, nothing of the kind happened. The speed limit has produced, not a more dangerous motorist, but only a more dangerous pedestrian.

Let us then cease to tremble to think, and take to thinking instead. If we do, we may even discover some way by which English agriculture can be preserved without the torture every year of millions of rabbits and other wild creatures. If we cannot abolish admitted cruelty, I tremble to think of the future of civilisation. Y. Y.

Correspondence

AIR BOMBING

SIR,—Belonging to no political party, but a supporter of collective as against national defence, I have been interested but puzzled at the failure of the various efforts of the Disarmament Conference. In particular I have not understood why the Air Commission which had received much valuable material for examination and discussion never met after April, 1933. Our Government assure us that they have done their best for Peace, but that their efforts found little support upon the Continent.

Mr. Baldwin has told us that all disarmament hangs upon the air and has warned us of the dangers to civilisation if air power is not controlled. We know that France, Spain, Belgium, Sweden and other countries have contributed constructive proposals at Geneva.

What part did Great Britain play?

The answer has inadvertently stepped out of the mouth of the Secretary of State for Air in his speech upon defence in the House of Lords on May 22nd. Here are extracts worth repeating:

> In 1932 the Disarmament Conference assembled, and almost its earliest discussions were centred around the possibility of the total abolition of air forces or at least of the abolition of the artillery of the air, the bombing aeroplane. . . . Through that period, difficult for any Air Minister, and particularly for one who like himself, had always been convinced of the prime importance of the maintenance of an effective air arm . . . he kept impressing on his colleagues . . . the vital nature and place of the Royal Air Force in the scheme of our defences.
>
> He had the utmost difficulty at that time amid the public outcry in preserving the use of the bombing aeroplane. . . . He was not recalling these facts in any spirit of personal pride or self-glorification!

The bombing aeroplane orients military destruction from combatant forces to the civil population; are the people of this country and of Europe ready to trust their own and foreign air ministers and governments with this weapon?

If so it is merely a matter of time before the weapon "so effective and economical" upon the Indian and Iraq frontiers will recoil upon themselves. May I quote from a proclamation dropped upon a certain area less than three years ago:

> As you have ignored previous orders . . . and have continued your opposition to the government, the government has decided to take more drastic action. It is hereby notified that offensive action from the air will be intensified and extended from the night of . . . You, your villages and your flocks will be attacked with machine-gun fire and bombs, some of which may not explode at once, but only after some hours. You are advised to remove your women and children and all non-combatants to a place of safety, and you should not approach any place where bombs have been dropped. These operations will continue until all opposition has ceased. . . . At the same time, any others, whether they have opposed government or not, who wish to escape inevitable misery. . . .

That was a warning to a small and isolated area—it is one that should be repeated to every European.

St. Mary's Grange, PHILIP S. MUMFORD
Easthorpe, Kelvedon, Essex. (Capt.)

THE L.N.U. AND THE COLLECTIVE SYSTEM

SIR,—In his letter to your Jubilee Number Dr. Maxwell Garnett seemed to imply that Britain had played a great part in building up the collective system, with hopeful results.

If that was his meaning he must believe that machinery for the organisation of peace by prevention of war and doing international justice already exists and has begun to work.

While admitting that all this is implicit or explicit in the Covenant, one can only wish that his optimism were justified by facts.

I submit, however, that it is not—that we have in Europe neither a proper collective system nor an efficiently working Balance of Power.

I suggest that, in fact, the Powers of Europe are ambiguously and dangerously poised between the two possible, but incompatible, systems, largely through Britain's example, fraught though it be with all those good intentions which support the Devil's Road Fund.

Our leaders reiterate that we believe in the League, hold by the League, will never desert our Mr. Micawber, "a collective system"; meanwhile we have consistently falsified this in practice by our actions, or blocking inactions, at Geneva.

Our new peace system, the League, can be no better, nor safer, nor less amoral than the old Balance of Power, unless it develops a technique and machinery at least as efficient as those of the Alliances and Diplomacy (often of the "Power" species) which characterised the latter.

The conclusion I would suggest to Dr. Garnett, to the L.N.U. and to any other peace propagandist organisation which wishes to avoid further wasted effort and dissipated influence is this:—Get back to the Covenant. Drop all fruitless side-issues such as premature disarmament; abuse of wicked makers of guns, aeroplanes, etc.; or fear-mongering about the next war which it may yet be our duty to fight; and concentrate on some really useful, politically attainable and unified aim; such a policy, for instance, as that advocated by the New Commonwealth.

Try to compel our Governments to lead at Geneva towards an international organisation that can begin to honour our signature by realising, and developing, Articles VIII, XVI, XIX, etc. of the Covenant.

It is obvious that, at present, it is only in Europe that any General Pact to this end can be promoted. It is equally obvious that while a real collective system (of *enforced* peace wedded to machinery for just revision and dynamic change by peaceful compromise) is in the making, collective security must still rest on that old adage *Si vis pacem para bellum*, red rag to the pacifist bull though it may be.

General disarmament to the "police" level of Article VIII can only follow the establishment of a world-wide collective system.

I am no Socialist but a professional fighting man, and, I hope, a sane citizen who seeks peace on earth. I took part in the war that produced the Covenant, and am waiting for the League of Nations Union to speak in one voice and to talk sense before I can join it.

Moreover, I am ready, with, I am sure, a multitude of my countrymen, to fight again if another "war to end war" prove necessary. WILLIAM ROSS,
Chelsea. Commander R.N.

MEAT

SIR,—In your Comments on meat, in your issue of May 25th you say "we cannot afford to sentence Denmark or Argentina to ruin . . . and it follows that any attempt to expand live stock production in this country ought to be strongly opposed."

But, sir, British agriculture is built up on her cattle. The recent disastrous fall in prices has all but ruined the Midland grazier and the store stock raiser of the West and the home production of meat has fallen to unprecedented quantities.

With what result? More farmers have turned from what their soil is most suited for, to milk production. To these have been added the butter and cheesemakers of the West and North Midlands and the corn growers of the Eastern Counties, whose natural products have fallen to a quite uneconomic price level and now, sir, the milk market, hitherto the most stable of all, is as near the point of bankruptcy as it has ever been before.

It is now an absolute necessity that there should be an immediate and drastic restriction in the imports of milk products. That restriction will affect our Colonies and Denmark to a very much

greater extent than a small restriction in meat would affect the Colonies and the Argentine.

From the point of view of the national wealth inherent in our soil, the suggested prohibition of increases in the home production of meat, would create an even more unbalanced state of agriculture than exists at present, and this unbalancing means the throwing away of the wealth of our soil, in that the creation of greatest wealth depends upon the production thereon of that commodity most suited to the soil, despite modern science and practice.

It is only by first liquefying the capital stored in our soil and allowing it to create its greatest wealth, that the diverse problems of agriculture, unemployment and the country generally can be efficiently solved. J. N. McCLEAN

Flexcombe, Liss, Hampshire.

THE PAYMENT OF SEAMEN

SIR,—There is little to be said in favour of the way most shipping companies treat their employees, but no good is done by a distortion of the facts. It is absurd to describe the industry as "heavily subsidised." A sum of two million pounds was given to it mainly to be spent upon new tramp steamers or upon reconditioning the old ones. Shipowners applying for a portion of this subsidy have to state their programme, and such a sum would go no distance towards a standing wage for all the seamen employed in the shipping industry. The Merchant Shipping Act, passed many years ago, when voyages were a question of months, even of years, permits shipowners to pay off their men after each trip, so that this practice is strictly in accordance with the law of the land, and those taking advantage of it cannot be fairly described as "escaping their duty."

People who are interested in the Merchant Navy are pressing for a parliamentary inquiry into conditions, and a long overdue amendment of the law as it exists at present, but reforms can only be brought about if those who plead for them resist all temptation to exaggeration or inaccuracy. RACHEL CAULFEILD

Nonsuch Park, Cheam, Surrey.

AIR RAID DRILL

SIR,—The announcement of May 10 that air-raid drill is to be immediately made compulsory, though since somewhat modified, is a warning to all those who are anxious to preserve peace. We oppose all preparations for war, and include among these the training of the civil population in air-raid drill. By some it is considered that purely defensive action can give no alarm abroad or cause an increase in armaments. We think, however, that the next war is brought nearer by the training of the peoples for it and that the wholesale manufacture of gas masks and gas-proof shelters is a part of the manufacture of armaments.

The fact that the populations of other countries under dictatorial government have had to engage in air-raid drill is no reason why we should tolerate it in this country. Our enemies are not the people of other countries but their leaders and those who make profits from armaments and war scares, and we must help by all means in our power the struggles of those people ruled by dictators. We, therefore, urge all peace and anti-war organisations throughout the country to arrange meetings of protest against the introduction of air-raid drill, and to couple with that protest a condemnation of the ramp in military aircraft manufacture which is now being deliberately set going by our Government. Such a meeting has been arranged in Cambridge for June 11. If we can help with speakers who know the scientific aspect of civilian defence against gas we shall be happy to do so.

On behalf of the committee of the Cambridge Scientists' Anti-War Group. C. B. O. MOHR,

147 Milton Road, Secretary.
Cambridge.

WAR AND THE TECHNICIANS

SIR,—Mr. Julian Bell concludes his review of T. H. Wintringham's *The Coming World War* with the words: "Mr. Wintringham's only real reply to this rapid and heavy striking power of modern arms is the hope of a mutiny in the technical forces. And that depends on the political and ideological ability of the revolution to win over well-paid engineers and other technicians."

Having in mind the severely practical nature of the engineer's and technician's training, and the "practical" type of man generally attracted to these professions, it is evident that the propaganda that will appeal to them will not be the philosophical ideology of pure Marxism, still less the humanitarianism of British Right-wing Labour, but a vigorous and insistent demonstration of the gross *practical* inefficiency of the Capitalist system. This is elementary propaganda, certainly: but it might attract not only technicians, but numerous other men and women who are not Socialists because they judge Socialism by 1924 and 1931, and yet are not complacent about things as they are. G. E. KIRK

4 Trowell Avenue,
Wollaton, Nottingham.

GERMAN REFUGEES

SIR,—Your readers will have been interested to learn of the very influential deputation to the Foreign Secretary organised by the League of Nations Union which took place on May 16th. The object of the deputation was to urge upon His Majesty's Government the vital necessity of establishing an office under the League of Nations responsible for all classes of refugees.

Lord Cecil and other speakers pointed out that the misery and desperation of the refugees was a serious menace to European peace. In the course of a sympathetic reply to the deputation, Sir John Simon remarked "refugees cannot be allowed to be always with us." No one realises this so clearly as the societies working on behalf of refugees.

The Jewish Community has raised an enormous fund for the settlement of thousands of its people in Palestine and other countries, and in its great generosity has helped many hundreds of Christian faith and with only a very small proportion of Jewish blood.

Something should be done by the Christian community for the non-Jewish refugees who present a very much smaller problem. A few thousand pounds would suffice to emigrate the young able-bodied non-Jewish refugees still remaining in this country. Larger sums would be required in Paris and in Prague, where the number of refugees is much larger, but even there the problem is manageable if funds are found quickly before people die of starvation.

The Society of Friends has been working for German refugees for the past two years through its centres in England, France, Holland and Czecho-Slovakia. Through the generosity of many sympathisers we have kept hundreds from starvation during the past winter and many families have been settled in fresh homes overseas.

Public assistance is not available for these poor people in the countries of refuge and our funds are completely exhausted.

We, therefore, appeal most earnestly to your readers to keep these people from starvation and help us to send them to countries where they will have the right to work for their bread.

Contributions should be sent to:

THE GERMANY EMERGENCY COMMITTEE,
Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.
MARY ORMEROD, (Chairman of Appeal Committee).

HIS AND HER

SIR,—This feminist movement has been allowed to go too far. It has invaded with strident momentum every field of human activity and, as the late Lord Birkenhead remarked, one does not know of any single department of life in which men still maintain undisputed supremacy, unless it is cooking and women's fashions. But surely the time to cry an emphatic halt has come when these vandals, elated at their far-flung successes, presume to lay sacrilegious hands on the ark of the English language.

The Romans were a great people with a vigilant regard for precision, form, and the fitness of things. When the exigencies of speech or writing compelled them to choose between making adjectives and pronouns agree with masculine, feminine, or neuter nouns, they adopted the simple rule of preferring masculine to feminine and feminine to neuter. The same practice was observed in England until the recent invasion, and many of us learnt the rule, if not at our mothers' knees, at any rate at the end of our masters' rods. Not many years ago one did not hesitate to say: "Anyone who goes to Blackpool this summer will enjoy himself." But to-day only the stouthearted few would dare to utter such a sentence, for to do so would mortally offend the triumphant feminist barbarians. To avoid such a risk one must now say: "Anyone who goes to Blackpool this summer will enjoy themselves." The other day I came across a determined effort to keep the scales of equality reasonably even, but the writer's pluck failed him at the last. Thus: "There is no one but believes in his or her heart that he or she could write if only they had the time."

Nor is this cowardice confined to common folk. It is to be

found among those whose position and authority ought to preserve them from such influences. Not long ago the respected chairman of a bench of magistrates in these parts warned the public that "in all such cases anyone involved must produce their licence." And, misery me, so eminent an artist as Mr. Hugh Walpole is not untainted. In his novel *The Fortress* it is recorded of Walter Herries that he "had long insisted that any visitor in the house, unless the doctor forbade them, be present at the family breakfast table." A pronoun and a possessive adjective of common gender would doubtless be useful, but their absence cannot justify such degeneracies as I have quoted.

J. HARVEY ROBSON

51 Westgate Road,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Miscellany

MOZART AT GLYNDEBOURNE

AFTER the first two scenes at the first performance on Monday of *Die Zauberflöte* I thought to myself: "Ah! this work about which so much has been written, the admiration of Beethoven, the despair of producers, will also defeat Fritz Busch, Carl Ebert, Hamish Wilson and all the combined resources which Mr. John Christie has put at their disposal." The third scene of the first act left the question a little more open, and with slightly alleviated feelings one went to dine between the two acts into which *Die Zauberflöte* is divided. But speaking personally, a slight feeling of disappointment remained; the complete satisfaction aroused by the marvellous production of *Cosi fan Tutte* last year had not yet been attained, and in a rather captious mood I wandered through the two restaurants which Mr. Christie has built to seat his audience on my way to eat—but rather embittered—the excellent dinner to which I had been invited. My embitterment was increased by finding a friend who had discovered that it was impossible to get anything to eat or drink under five shillings, at which price a certainly first-rate buffet meal was provided. So, I thought to myself, this is a place for millionaires only, and to Mr. Christie, being a super-millionaire, thirty shillings for a seat in his opera house seems only about sixpence, and five shillings for a meal is of the nature of a farthing.

At the end of the second act my whole attitude had changed. Although not perfect, this production of *Die Zauberflöte*, both in spirit and in materialisation, is the nearest to perfection I have ever known, and has such magnificent qualities that to hear it and to see it is to have an experience that cannot be discussed in terms of thirty shillings or sixpences. Also I realised that no individual going to hear this materialisation of Mozart's genius has any intrinsic right to do so. He should, indeed, *suffer* by doing so, for that is the only tribute he can personally pay to the world of the spirit and to the unique genius of Mozart, who has left such wonderful creations for the delight and inspiration of mankind, though conceived by him in poverty and suffering. It is right that Mr. John Christie should *lose* thousands of pounds by these productions —for to make them pay he certainly cannot hope to do; it is right that it should cost those who go to Glyndebourne more than they can afford (in fact, in my opinion they are the only people who should go); and it is supremely right that being unable to pay five shillings for a meal one should sit through the evening hungry, because one is being fed not upon bread.

In dealing with the production of *Die Zauberflöte*, one is faced with the problem of how to combine in a proper unity the comic and the grave. It is a special characteristic of Mozart that he mixes these elements in his operas so that they cannot be classified in the usual way. However imperfect in themselves the action and the text of *Die Zauberflöte* may be, nevertheless the libretto offered Mozart opportunities suitable to his genius, which was of that comprehensive sort which embraces the opposite poles of human nature. In *Die Zauberflöte*, as in *Don Quixote*, we have two characters, Tamino and Papageno, who represent the idealistic and the materialistic sides of man, and Mozart's representation of Papageno is like Cervantes' portrait of Sancho Panza, extraordinarily understanding and sympathetic; so much so that to the average listener Papageno is the chief and most popular character in the opera. As this part was originally conceived by the actor-librettist, Schikaneder, for himself and represents the vulgar but talented impresario-actor-author of all ages, it is a sign of Mozart's profound sympathy and understanding of human nature that he has made him into a universal and lovable figure, for Schikaneder certainly was far from an equal understanding of Mozart or of what Mozart actually achieved in this work.

It is for this reason that I deprecate the turning of Papageno into a too realistic portrait of Schikaneder by introducing asides in English in the part of Papageno at Glyndebourne. Realism is not art, and a certain distance must always exist between a work of art and the spectator. I, therefore, think it also a fault in that fine singer and actor Willi Domgraf-Fassbaender, whose otherwise superb Papageno is blemished by his allowing himself to become conscious occasionally of the audience and to address his remarks to them in the personal style of a music-hall comedian. As there is practically no theatrical art to-day, and nearly all actors have degenerated under the influence of a non-critical public, it is especially desirable that nothing of this sort should occur at Glyndebourne. The comic world created by a Mozart or a Shakespeare is a world of the imagination just as much as the tragic. The actor playing Falstaff may not step over the footlights to breathe a joke into the ear of the stalls, any more than Hamlet may, without destroying the whole artistic creation. So I think the business of the flexible arm of the tree in the scene where Papageno thinks of hanging himself to be perilous, but it could perhaps be brought off if the artist playing Papageno never once shared even with a fraction of his consciousness the audience's sense of the fun of the thing or drew their attention to it. After all, the vulgar Papageno is a suffering human being, whose cry of *O falsche Welt* (O false world!) is as authentic as anybody else's, and meant by Mozart to be so. And here indeed lies true humour, which is not cheap as most producers and actors make it, but profound.

But the production as a whole is splendidly free from such blemishes, and the conception of the scenes in Act II, which are all imaginatively lit and devised, cannot be too highly praised. Carl Ebert and Hamish Wilson have really risen to the occasion and given us a scenic presentation of the opera which expresses its meaning and moves to a magnificent culmination in the final apotheosis in the temple of the Sun-God. Where they failed, in my opinion, was in the second scene of Act I, Pamina's boudoir, which was altogether too flimsy and not really conceived, and also in the presentation of Monostatos and his followers. Here an act of the imagination was required, and it was on this occasion not forthcoming. Something more vital and fantastic was needed to give significance to Monostatos, whose part was also less effectively played than that of any other. If the Monostatos had been as good in his way as Der Sprecher (John Brownlee) was, what a difference it would have made! I have seen many performances of *Die Zauberflöte*, but never one with so good a Sprecher as John Brownlee, and it is in these details that the Glyndebourne productions show their superiority to others, for nobody who is not experienced can realise the enormous difference to the general effect they make. Other excellent minor parts were those of the three ladies and the three boys.

For the performance of Pamina by Aulikki Rautawaara, a Finnish soprano, I have nothing but unqualified praise, for it was raised to a level that is rare indeed by a sustained imaginative effort of conception, while her singing was beautifully expressive. The tenor, Walter Ludwig, was at first a trifle blatant, but he improved as the opera proceeded, and in the second act was a fine and dignified Tamino. To Fritz Busch, who conducted an excellent picked orchestra, we owe the general soundness and beauty of the musical performance. We do not get from him that perversion of Mozart into an eighteenth century rococo dilettante which is the pet idea of

many half-baked musical connoisseurs who are incapable of understanding the terrific genius of this great composer by the very fact that they are dilettantes themselves. On the contrary, he gives us the music of Mozart in its natural force and beauty with the precision and understanding of a serious and gifted musician of great experience and genuine love of his art.

W. J. TURNER

SENSE AND SEAWEED

Passport to Fame, at the Empire.
The Scoundrel, at the Plaza.

RECENTLY, when that quintessence of Hollywood known as Sam Goldwyn pleaded that films were as bad as they are because it was so difficult for directors to find good stories, the *New Yorker* suggested that the best remedy for this dearth would be to dispense with scenario-writers entirely and get a plot simply by rubbing two film-stars together. The one serious objection to such advice is its wit in coming too late: Hollywood has been doing just that for years. Every now and then, though, its business men find a good plot, or by some odd chance lick one into shape, and produce a good film. Not so infrequently as might be supposed.

Here, in *Passport to Fame*, an excellent instance of the best type of American film, Columbia Pictures have improved on the *New Yorker's* suggestion: they have taken one actor, the best to be found, and split him in two, as an Eastern conjurer divides a canary into a couple of separate birds, each perky and warbling. In other words, they took the age-old mistaken identity plot and made a rattling good film out of it. It must have been obvious for some time—though the fact had certainly slipped our memory—that Edward G. Robinson was the best serious actor on the American screen; and in this picture we have him playing a double part: as Mr. Jones, the diffident, almost servile clerk, and as "Killer" Mannion, the formidable underworld king for whom he (Jones) is mistaken. This situation and all that arises from it—and a lot does—is handled by Edward G. Robinson and by his director, John Ford, with consummate and pleasing skill, to make as good an American movie as we shall see this year. *Passport to Fame* is one of those comi-tragedies of modern American manners which, as a class, include—for one groups them more for their speed than in any exact genre—a dozen or so films, from *Trouble in Paradise* and *The Front Page* to *It Happened One Night* and *The Thin Man*; films that are either predominantly sentimental or for the most part gay, but alike in their balance, format, and purpose—the purpose being to entertain, the method comedy as far removed from the drawing-room proper as a newspaper office or a racketeer's hide-out can be. A tidy blend of wistfulness and wisecracks, or composed in equal parts of cheerful social satire, excitement, cynicism, and plain good humour, such films appear to be admirably in keeping with the spirit of the age in its more carefree and caustic moods, and they are undoubtedly the highest point the talkies have reached so far. Edward G. Robinson is as much to be congratulated on a fine double performance as anyone liking films who misses *Passport to Fame* is to be pitied.

There are, of course, two ways of discovering the humorous in the familiar: either with a bang or a whisper. On the whole, American humorists tend to find it the first way; and at the same time to reverse the process, starting at absurdity and working backwards. British humorists are more conservative, assuming in their publics a greater familiarity with, and liking for, the norm of sanity and convention. Our jokes are made against a background of all good men and true. Hence, for us, the startling and highly coloured quality of American quips, which are mostly derisive. American humour at its worst degenerates into farce; ours into facetiousness. Alas, poor Coward! For these reflections, as you may have guessed, are suggested by contrasting that vigorous and sure *Passport to Fame* with a potpourri of faded epigrams entitled *The Scoundrel*. The authors of this piece, Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur, have previously done far better: not only did they make a fine American picture in *Crime Without Passion*, but they did better by (and without) Mr. Coward in his *Design for Living*. Before the camera Mr. Coward acts quite well, as a publisher equally fabulous dead or alive (handling either seaweed or poems); but presumably it's not more elaborate, this drivel, because you are meant to see through it—and that's the intended joke. But see through it—to what? Curious that Mr. Coward should fall so badly out of step with the box-office. He remarks: "That's the proper place for life—in one's buttonhole." But it's the very worst place for one's first appearance on the screen. The film was well made, but not worth making—tér-ribly jejune . . . like last year's buttonholes, the ones that weren't fashionable even last year.

JOHN MARKS

YOUNG MEN'S RALLY

ON a recent Sunday afternoon I found myself in one of the larger seaside towns, alone and with nothing to do. There was a violin recital offered at the Winter Garden, Pavilion or Aquarium and, opposite, the Y.M.C.A. announced a "Young Men's Rally." I had just finished reading the first volume of H. G. Wells's *Autobiography*, and it may have been his vivid picture of a poor and dingy adolescence spent in lodgings and a lonely search for knowledge that turned my attention to the Y.M.C.A. and impelled me to screw up my courage and go in. Alternatively, it may have been that the word "rally" brought back memories of *Young England*, that surprising phenomenon which I had seen once at the Victoria Palace, and therefore attracted me. Or it may have been just plain curiosity, and I rather think it was. At all events, I went in.

I knew nothing at all about the interior of a Y.M.C.A. It is an interesting fact that while at least two of my close friends

in America have lived in one during periods when they were hard up, I do not think that I know anyone in England who has even spoken of having been inside such a place. I found it bright, pleasant and up to date; far more cheerful and attractive, indeed, than the common rooms (staff or student) in the provincial University where I was once a lecturer. It was clean and inviting, and I went inside feeling furtive, and a hypocrite and a trespasser (which I was), and expecting to be challenged, which I was not. Instead, I was greeted as a very welcome stranger, shaken hands with, asked no questions of, and requested to sit in the front row, which added to my embarrassment. The reason for this attention, however, was not entirely solicitousness, but a care for the appearance of the "house." The word "rally" was either optimistic or a euphemism, for there were not more than twenty men present, and several of them were anything but young. I think, however, that the older ones were the officials.

I sat in a very comfortable armchair turning the pages of the hymn-book that I found beside me for a long time before I had the courage to look around. When I did, I received a wink and a nod of sheer friendliness from a young man in the row behind me, and I began to feel better.

Presently, the speaker arrived, a clergyman who was billed in the entrance hall as "a robust speaker with a robust personality." There was, I noticed, a considerable emphasis laid on robustness in connection with the Y.M.C.A. A future speaker was described as being "a frightfully good chap, quite young and over six feet," as an inducement to come and hear him. There was also an announcement of a proximate "fellowship evening" in which "Tiny" Somebody was to speak on "The Love that Saves," and Tiny was pointed out as a burly and extremely athletic young man in his early twenties sitting beside me, dressed in a blazer, flannel trousers, and bare feet encased in bedroom slippers. I cannot quite imagine what "Tiny's" address will be like, because I cannot conceive of a sufficient absence of self-consciousness in anyone who looked so beefy and so naively good-humoured and unimaginative; but it is probably the unimaginativeness that is going to make it possible.

After the notices and the fixtures, came a couple of hymns, which was where I began to grow embarrassed once again. I only know two hymns, and they were not among those chosen (they never are), but in any case I am incapable of singing anything in tune. It seemed to me that I would be less conspicuous, however, if I faked some non-committal rendering of the words in an attempt to follow rise and fall than if I remained silent, after the exhortations to everybody *please* to sing, and the device proved satisfactory.

After that came prayer, and then the address. The speaker was what he had been advertised to be, namely, robust: a jovial, forceful man in the sixties, who had had bad trouble with his razor that morning. His speech was vigorous and entirely conventional; he started with a reference to being old in years but young in spirit; he joked about his "on-bong-pong," and said that he wished that he had the time the young fellows in his audience had to spend in the gymnasium doing physical jerks. He spoke of the necessity for combining a healthy body with a healthy mind and spirit, although he surprisingly did not quote *mens sana in corpore sano*; he talked of "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," of selflessness and devotion to duty, and of resisting temptation, telling how, when he was a young lad, bursting with vigour and "full of beans," he had been beset by many temptations of the flesh, and had been helped to vanquish them by the principle of chivalry, the principle of treating every woman as one would like one's mother or one's sister to be treated. It was, in fact, the model of a Christian Union address; it contained topical references to Scott and Black, ended with some quotations from Donald Hankey (another "splendid fellow"), and it was singularly un-irritating. It was, in fact, almost pleasant to hear the old phrases brought out with so vigorous a force of geniality and sincerity that my mind was driven to consider them almost as though for the first time.

After the address the speaker departed, and then there was another hymn in which we were all once again particularly requested to join, because, confided the secretary (grown bold in the absence of the Cloth), this time it was a hymn in which the words were not at all extravagant. "There are a lot of hymns," he said "where the words are so extravagant that I can't ever sing them and feel really sincere about them"—a confession which attracted me. After that came a final prayer and I escaped, but not before I had once again been shaken hands with, asked if I had enjoyed myself, and begged to come again next Sunday.

Then I went for a walk along the Front, and tried to marshal my impressions. I had found the experience pleasant, stupid, regrettable and yet somehow admirable. It was pleasant because there had been some kind of genuine warmth and friendliness that was not smug or sanctimonious; it was stupid and regrettable because I find hymns dreary, detestable and very, very ugly, and because behind the proceedings was a complete lack of any worth-while thought, and only a kind of religious jingoism that is honest, kindly but wholly unintelligent in its utter lack of questioning of its own sureness of the difference between right and wrong, and of what is sin and what duty. And yet it was admirable because there is a need for warm and cheerful places where young men can meet and talk, exercise and play games, and develop some kind of group spirit of encouraged individuality. There is a need for some better alternative than sufficiently exists to the street-corner, the pub or the billiard-saloon, to say nothing of the dogs, the pictures or the prostitute, for such as have the means for those tawdrier luxuries. I am told that Fascism gathers many of its supporters on just such a basis of providing corporate enterprise and excitement for bored, poor and lonely young men.

What, rather as I had expected, I deplored most, however, was the religious element, the C. in the Y.M.C.A., making, as it almost always does, for the complete discouragement of any genuine use of the intellectual faculties. This is the element that produces the stupider and more dangerous kinds of patriotism, the more useless and distressing forms of abnegation and resignation, and all that is so cruel and terrifying in middle-class morality and the morality of the law, a morality so at variance with all the instincts of those who feel that they must believe in it that they are condemned, without thinking, to a permanent sense either of hypocrisy, guilt or frustration. The morality that speaks of a normal but non-conjugal sex-impulse as a vile or bestial appetite is the morality of the "Young Men's Rally." I do not know how far the religious element is considered essential by the Y.M.C.A. in all its addresses or whether the Sunday meetings are exceptional, but the idea that it is so considered must deter a number of young men, and I somehow cannot imagine from the tone of the officials that any speaker of modern, progressive or unconventional ideas would be genuinely welcomed or asked to pay a return visit. I cannot imagine Mr. Wells's *Autobiography* being encouraged into the library, nor, by way of example, the works of Aldous Huxley or of Bertrand Russell.

I do not know how many places there are in England where the Y.M.C.A. facilities are combined with an encouragement of thought and discussion, without hymns or services as part of the routine, but there certainly is a need for them. I am personally acquainted with one only, a hostel in the North of London, offering simple and very reasonable accommodation and some sort of intelligent club-life to young men without homes and of limited means. It invites speakers of every kind; it houses a group of some hundred or so young men who are genuinely eager and interested and anxious to be allowed to think and learn; and it does not sing hymns. Its financial resources are sufficiently small to put its equipment, its facilities and its appearance of brightness and well-being far below that of the Y.M.C.A., yet my memory of the one evening which I spent as its guest-speaker stands out as possessing all the qualities which I found admirable at the Y.M.C.A., and none of those which seemed so tiresome and objectionable.

After one's reading of H. G. Wells's boyhood, the Y.M.C.A. of to-day seems something almost Utopian, but it still has its roots in many of the things that helped to make that boyhood so intolerable and that sought, though in vain, to put a check on that magnificent, alert inquisitiveness which stimulated so many of us to be inquisitive in the days of our own adolescence.

JOHN VAN DRUTEN

THE FURIES DANCE IN NEW YORK

So we said, where shall we find the loveliest thing in New York?
And some said in Fifth Avenue or Fifty-seventh Street, and some said
In the Socialist Party or, as they were mostly highbrows,
In the Communist Party. And what about Radio City?
And what about Manhattan Bridge and what about . . .?
But we were already slinking off,
Finding the voices a trifle difficult, feeling a little brow-beaten, having been told that England
Is dead and decaying, her culture rotten from its class basis up,
Or having been told, still worse, that England is marvellous,
The one place that will be left standing in a chaotic world
(Like an exhibit of a stage coach and two crinolines).
So, as I said, nickel in fist, we had slunk off into the El.

Here in the Natural History Museum, having dodged the meteorites
Which God the mathematician for some odd reason saw fit
To strew like *x*'s over Kansas (*x* equals nothing),
We have come to the Indian section. The Indians, as everyone knows,
Are being assimilated, that is the Good Indians
Who go to the Church schools and learn to sell things and be customers themselves.
The bad Indians were all killed by the ancestors of the Christian Scientists,
The ancestors of the Rotarians, the readers of *Esquire*, and the D.A.R.,
The ancestors of Franklin D. Roosevelt, General Johnson and Huey Long . . .
What the hell anyway. The Bad Indians were killed.
And a good job too.

This Indian pottery is more beautiful than anything in Fifth Avenue,
If it had been made to-day in a studio, on some fresh inspiration,
People would be going crazy over it, the art critics and the highbrows;
It would be sold for large sums to Park Avenue, but the Communists also
Would tell us it was authentic.
This Indian basket work, this exquisite feathering,
This accurate bloom of colour, this patterned certainty,
Precariously preserved in a few glass cases, it is astonishing, I think,
Do you not think so?

Citizens of New York, flock round in reverence.
Could you have made these things? No. No fear. Jeez, no!
What can you make citizens? They answer, look at us.
Look at us!
We are unskilled labour, we can turn wheels, press handles, put salted nuts in bags,
But we can't make anything.

Citizens, citizens, your fathers made ploughshares, made ox yokes,
Your mothers embroidered linen shirts, in Dalmatia, in Italy,
In Greece, in Portugal, in Poland, Hungary, Latvia,
What have you done with the skill of your fathers and mothers?
What have you done with their patterns?

● *A Book for the Broadminded!*

ALDOUS HUXLEY

writes of the

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(670 pages and numerous illustrations)

● by Drs. COSTLER, A. WILLY and others, under the general editorship of, and with special chapters by, NORMAN HAIRE, Ch.M., M.B.

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BOOK V. Sexual Aberrations and Perversions-Sexual inversions of Aim and Object. Their Prevention and Cure.

BOOK VI. Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Avoidance of Venereal Disease, Other Disorders of the Sexual Organs, Non-venereal Diseases of Women.

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FRANCIS ALDOR

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But the citizens shake their heads, not comprehending all this :
Our fathers and mothers were dumb : who wants ox-yokes,
Who wants embroidered shirts ? You sees what you wants at Woolworth's.
Our fathers and mothers, they got quit of that on Ellis Island.
We got nothing. We want nothing. See ?

Let us return to the glass cases, to the difficult contemplation of beauty
That was being made in this continent three centuries ago,
That was of value for the world, for mankind, for all these abstractions
Which somehow we believe in (although no doubt
We shall be told they are the results of a class education
At places like Oxford, England.)
And this civilisation was shot up, destroyed, ended,
Lost for the world and mankind. Lost, all that it might have turned into.
Lost. Lost.

People who destroy things are apt to get a curse on them.
We should have observed this often enough in history
(Only history is dumb stuff, as Henry Ford said, bunk)
To have realised its necessity. No use trying to escape
Once you've destroyed something the gods loved, destroyed something
That should have been eternal. No use, the Furies get after you.
Pretty soon, boy, they'll have you down
And rip your guts out.

And it isn't much of a step from shooting Indians
To shooting strikers. It isn't much of a step
From exterminating the Indian civilisation to exterminating
Your own.

And who will weep on the grave, who will put Fifth Avenue
In a glass case ? Who will be there to contemplate ? Only the Furies
In their black shirts and red shirts, dancing the Horst Wessel Carmagnole ?
Will they be there ? Or nothing ?

Or is it possible
That a few Indians may come back, slowly, out of the Reservations,
Out of the Pueblos, smiling a little, a little,
Stretching their arms a little, looking about them a little ?
And they will begin putting things in order, letting the decent earth
And the decent rivers eat up what they will, letting iron rust
And concrete crumble, and the old bodies of Fords
Be grown over quietly with brambles where in time will nest
Oriole and cardinal.
And they will dance the rain dances and bring back the rain
To the parched deserts which the settlers' ploughing made
Out of the buffalo lands. And they will watch the forest growing,
Slowly and softly growing on the eroded mountain sides,
Till the top soil comes back. And there will be no newspapers
To eat the forests. And there will be no advertisements
On the trunks of the forest trees. And the Indians will move quietly
About the forests, with their minds full of patterns.
And there is no doubt they will be a hundred per cent.
American. . . .

NAOMI MITCHISON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Marie Tempest Jubilee Matinée at Drury Lane

Professional jealousy is as strong on the stage as anywhere, but when the profession sets out to pay tribute to one of its members, it has the means and will to do it handsomely. Mr. Drinkwater's Masque of Players, which ended the Marie Tempest Jubilee matinée, gracefully paid the obvious compliments to the great lady who had just made a fiction of time in the dinner-scene from *The Marriage of Kitty* and shown time triumphant as the aged and dying Empress in *Little Catharine*. But more than grace and courtesy emerged in the Masque, for Mr. John Gielgud communicated such feeling to the words and the great host of players on tributary parade were so obviously moved by the occasion that the whole audience was deeply stirred. It was indeed an imposing spectacle to see so huge an army of the public favourites, many in the uniform of their best-known parts, banked upwards on the huge stage of Drury Lane and offering their homage to the small, trim figure of the day's heroine who rendered her thanks with exquisite phrase and precision of speech at a moment when gush would have been only too easy. Miss Tempest went through her two performances with brilliance and faced her final ordeal at the heart of the Masque with matchless dignity. The *Daily Telegraph* did well to organise the matinée and even better to organise it capably. These affairs are apt to lag through poor preparation, but this one went with speed and verve. As far as Miss Tempest was concerned the " benefit " was as honorary as it was honorific. She had stipulated that all the proceeds should go to endow beds for players in St. George's Hospital and so generous was the response to this generous gesture that eight special rooms for actors have now been established in perpetuity. It was an afternoon on which one could feel proud of the theatre where Miss Tempest remains ageless, at the height of her powers.

" This Desirable Residence " at the Embassy

An unusual richness of texture and some very capable character-work make A. R. Rawlinson's new play at the Embassy considerably more interesting than its rather jejune situation would suggest. A frankly sentimental prologue shows us an old lady leaving the house in which she was born to the greedy enthusiasm of a speculative builder, and for the rest of the play the action is transplanted back to the 'nineties, when as a girl of twenty-six she had been temporarily swept off her feet by the builder's father, imbued with much the same ideas of suburban development. The author deserves full credit for his refusal to squeeze sympathetic tears from the passing of the old—or oldish—order of Victorian middle-class prosperity. Moreover, with the help of John Fernald's very

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able production, he evokes an atmosphere of snug snobbism which avoids all temptation to caricature. The Hursham Rew ménage, with its stern but kindly head, the three marriageable daughters and their German governess, is a beautifully authentic frame for Mary's passionate, practical, frustrated nature. The young man and his scheming sister who tempt her to deny her cosy heritage are perhaps a little too undesirable—it is hard to imagine Mary's failure to see through them—but they are both theatrically effective. Miss Coral Brown achieves the right intensity and determination which are needed to raise Mary's case above the merely pathetic, and Carl Bernard, Frederick Leister and Margaret Emden present excellent portraits of the period. Inevitably May Agate, as the German governess, tends to "steal" the scenes in which she appears—a consummate artist in the provision of the more important kind of make-weight.

Gay Deceivers at the Gaiety

The plot of this musical comedy, though the work of a popular French writer, appears to come from the same old factory: that is to say, it is improbable without being imaginative, and dull without being necessary. The music, however, is lively and well above the average, and the decor is agreeable. For there is a touch of satire in some of the costumes, and one of the scenes is very directly inspired by whom but the Douanier Rousseau! Those who can endure the "silly ass" convention will appreciate Mr. Clifford Mollison, and film-fans will be glad to see in the flesh the Amazonian frame of that talented actress, Miss Charlotte "gym-instructress" Greenwood. Miss Claire Luce is more blonde than anyone else ever seen out of Hollywood; and in one scene she has a dancing-partner, mysteriously unmentioned on the programme, whose performance is a wow, feline and ferocious without being funny. You are advised to go to this show after a good long dinner: it is a bad starter, which steadily improves.

Intimate Opera

At the Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, Mr. Ashley Dukes is giving another series of Intimate Opera in which Mabel Ritchie, Frederick Woodhouse and Geoffrey Dunn are showing their admirable versatility. Several of the short operas that proved so successful when first produced there are being revived, including Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, and Pergolesi's little masterpiece, *La Serva Padrona*. These are performed with a degree of spirit and efficiency which many more pretentious operatic productions lack and are delightful works in themselves.

Bach's *Love in a Coffee Cup*, a version of the Coffee Cantata, is one of the new "operas" included in the present season and lovers of Bach may be glad to enjoy their favourite composer in a frivolous mood. Arne's *Thomas and Sally* is an entertaining piece and Arnold's *The Enraged Musician* is a good example of a past epoch. In all these works the singers are fortunate in finding material nicely suited to their abilities, and a visit to the Mercury Theatre during this season of Intimate Opera can be warmly recommended.

Fifty Years of Portraits (1885-1935), Leicester Galleries

The increased liberty which European artists have wisely arrogated to themselves in this century has been unfavourable to portrait painting. The assumption that the great portraitist of the past gave "truthful" representations is improbable; but they were able and ready to produce images of what the sitter would wish to look like. They usually had the tact to attenuate the peculiarities of a face, whereas these are found interesting and therefore positively exaggerated by the modern artist. In consequence, the vanity of the sitter very comprehensibly drives him to the studio not of an artist but of an R.A. There are, of course, artists who are also R.A.s, there is Mr. John, there is (or rather there was) Mr. Sickert. But the gulf fixed between the two professions is very noticeable at the Leicester Galleries show. On the one hand, there is a vast variety of artists, ranging from Max Beerbohm and Tonks to Léger and Masson; on the other, are the successful practitioners from Burlington House. (Anyone who thinks that critics are unfair to the Academy should visit this show where an Orpen is on the same wall as a Degas.) Fortunately, the artists are here in a large majority. Very few of these are dabs at a likeness. Matisse's portrait of his daughter and Vanessa Bell's portrait of Aldous Huxley are, for instance, both excellent paintings: indeed, the artist's vision may be "true": but in each case it is very different from that of an ordinary person, such as a passport inspector. Oddly enough, the meditative self-portraits both of Renoir and Von Gogh seem very probable, but on the whole the portraits are most convincing when they are almost caricatures, like Toulouse Lautrec's *Wilde*, Rousseau's *M. Brummer* and la Fresnaye's *M. Gompère*. The exhibition contains about a hundred and fifty works, and it would be difficult to make a more interesting and more varied collection.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 31st—
"The Adding Machine," Tavistock Little Theatre, 36, Tavistock Place.
"Don Quixote," Everyman Cinema Theatre.
"Night Must Fall," Duchess Theatre.

SATURDAY, June 1st—
Irene Scharrer, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Ginner-Mawer Company in Dance and Mime of all Periods, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
Vernon H. Porter on "Life and the Cinema," C.L.I. Film Society, 16, Goldsmith Street, 7.

SUNDAY, June 2nd—
Dr. Moritz Bonn on "Is Capitalism Doomed in the United States?" Conway Hall, 11.
"Other Selves," Little Theatre.

MONDAY, June 3rd—
Inaugural Meeting of the Eighth International Studies Conference. Speeches by Sir Austen Chamberlain and others, London School of Economics, 11.
"Westfront 1918," Everyman Cinema Theatre.
D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, Sadler's Wells. Till June 29th.

TUESDAY, June 4th—
Memorial Service for Jane Addams, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, 12.30.
Julius Lewin on "The Protectorates and Native Policy in South Africa." Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Mock Trial on Ancient Greeks. Charge: "Not Knowing that they are Dead." Prosecutor: Sir William Beveridge. Defendants: Dr. T. R. Glover and Dr. Cyril Norwood, London School of Economics, 5.30.
"Duet in Floodlight," Apollo Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, June 5th—
"Crisis," Everyman Cinema Theatre.

THURSDAY, June 6th—
"Grief Goes Over," Globe Theatre.

"They Laughed When

I spoke to the waiter in French." As no doubt many of you have read only too often. But have you ever thought how they laugh at you when you talk so glibly about Marxism at those parties you keep going to? They know as well as you know in your heart of hearts that you don't really know anything about it at all. Madam, and you, sir, now isn't that the truth? We're always meeting; and as often as we do you start off saying something which drives everyone crazy, because you haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about. There are several subjects about which people like you are always ready to chatter in the belief, one imagines, that no knowledge of them is necessary. Sex is one of them: so is osteopathy. So's education. And so—most of all—is communism. You've no real excuse for being an ill-informed ninny any longer, because we have just published, in two small volumes that no one could say are beyond even your comprehension, an *Outline History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union*. Price? They'll only cost you 12s. From these books you will learn that bolshevism is not a parlour game like "animal, vegetable or mineral," as you seem to think it is; that it is not a form of whiggery and that, unlike Topsy, it didn't just grow. You will learn with what immense sacrifice and what labour it grew to be a living reality in a world of dead and dying systems; and you will learn that it is not by drinking gin out of tea-cups in Bloomsbury drawing-rooms that expression can be given to its doctrines in this country. You will learn how it studied the problems which confronted it and how it overcame them; and you will learn how it became flexible and yet managed to remain rigid and disciplined. At least that is what we learned from it—or some of what we learned; and we daresay we were nearly as dumb as you are before we read it. Your bookseller will not be sorry to sell you this book.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I FLEW down to Southampton last summer and paid T. E. Shaw a visit one Sunday afternoon, and after he had taken me out in one of the Air Force boats and told me of the improvements he had introduced in them, we hunted round the deserted works of the British Power Boat Company trying to find me a bit of rope. Stray ropes had been tidied away and we scrupled to steal any in use. At last a length was found and we set out to return to Southampton. On the ferryboat were two north-country young men in civvies who recognised Shaw, who immediately turned his back on me and spoke to them, saying that two boats were being sent up to Scotland and that there was a chance for them to form part of the crew. They were eager for the experience; Shaw's tip was worth a lot; they were breathlessly excited and overwhelmed with gratitude. Quite suddenly Shaw took the rope out of my hands and asked one aircraftman to splice an eye at one end and the other to work a backsplice on the other. Then he turned back abruptly, ignoring them as completely as he had me, while they set busily to work with knives and fingers. The job was beautifully done and the picket-rope handed back to me just as we reached Southampton. "They like being asked to do something," said Shaw. It was a magical arrangement; I had what I wanted and the young men's pride had been doubly gratified. No man's approbation was so agreeable as Shaw's. People were either won immediately, like the aircraftmen, or mystified and irritated because they could not class him. People want a colonel to be a colonel and an aircraftman to be an aircraftman; they dislike also a shrinking modesty which draws the fiercest publicity upon itself. Shaw was vain and almost pathologically ashamed of his own vanity, hence his ostrich-like concealments and exposures.

* * *

T. E. Shaw was extremely unlike ordinary people; so unlike that none of the labels which serve to "explain" people will fit. He was well aware of this unlikeness; this is perhaps the chief explanation of his shyness, which was extreme, though it wore off, I think, in later years. Robert Graves, who, of course, knew him far better than I, says: "Perhaps his most unexpected characteristic is that he never looks at a man's face and never recognises a face." But it is the long look, right into one's eyes, followed by a broad grin, which I remember best. When the shy fit was on there was something clerical, celibate, typically Oxford and pedantic about him, and there was a really terrible feeling of having got stuck. The red-faced, weather-beaten, thick-set little mechanic, tightening the gland of a propeller-shaft, while the engine was ticking over, and the boat lurched in a sea-way, and his yellow hair hung down into the oil-sump, was a very different person, with a boyish intimacy in his laugh and a sharing of one's eagerness as the spray flew and the boat spurted over the waves. He was described in this paper last week as "a mystic who had lost interest in living." If that was ever true it did not last long. He was happy in the Air Force not, I think, because he found in it a monastic way of life or a retreat from the world, but because he valued more than anything the intimacy which comes from doing a bit of work with other men. The Air Force gave him that. He was very proud of his boats and spoke with enthusiasm of their designer, Scott Paine.

* * *

His taste in literature was good, but capricious; he prided himself on book production, but *The Seven Pillars*, to my mind, is a monstrous example of it. While his vanity was engaged by such pretensions, he undervalued himself as a writer. His labours in the desert will vanish as fast as those of other soldiers, but they will live for ever in men's minds because of the book he wrote. I trust an edition of *The Seven Pillars* will be published before it runs out of copyright; Shaw himself anticipated such a reprint, and an unlimited edition would be the finest memorial to Lawrence of Arabia—though not of T. E. Shaw, for whose memorial, *The Mint*, we may have to wait till 1950. As a writer, one of Shaw's most striking qualities is his relationship with language. He uses English, both in his original writing and in his translation of *The Odyssey*, as an inventor, or a self-trained mechanic, uses familiar materials and tools for quite new purposes. He is completely free from affectation. There is nothing of Yeats, whom Moore records as searching for "the right language" in which to tell his stories, nothing of Doughty's archaism, and not much of tradition. He is building rapidly and improvising with words, taking classicisms as the Moors took the classic columns from the temples and fitted them into Cordova Mosque with plinths and capitals of varying lengths. This gives his style an astonishing, unexpected richness, which is yet the furthest removed from the sought-after richness of a Pater. One is conscious, in every sentence, that Shaw is searching for accuracy, and one almost feels him snatch up the best words, not for their own sake, but because they are needed in construction to fill a gap. He had also an astonishing sense of design in literature: the structure and sequence of events in *The Seven Pillars* and in the unpublished account of his life in the Air Force, *The Mint*, are like great music. In each of these books Shaw's subject is only comparable, in terrible qualities and penetrating psychology, with Dostoevsky at his greatest. *The Mint* can indeed be closely compared with *The House of the Dead*. Both men had an abnormal capacity for suffering, both had the power of lifting the lid on horror and of describing incidents that are symbolic and stay in the mind for ever. Of course, no two temperaments could be more unlike. For T. E. Shaw was always impish, without a trace of Russian self-pity, full of malicious humour and at the same time matter of fact, while as Shaw said himself: "Dostoevsky had not a crisp word in him." Each of Shaw's books is a picture of his own soul, of his motives and agonies, yet in each he appears to be primarily interested in the background, the interest of which is feverish and overwhelming. Each is the record of self-mutilation for an idea, and the record of the triumph of that idea. To capture Damascus, Lawrence had to submit himself to months of agonising effort and to bear physical torture; to survive the Air Force training Shaw had to have his body broken anew and all his instincts violated. Yet the characteristic grin of impish humour is always there. Moreover, he had more *power* than any writer: this is of the hospital, abandoned by the Turks, in Damascus:—

> Beyond was the vista of a great room, from which I thought there came a groan. I trod over to it, across the soft mat of bodies, whose clothing, yellow with dung, crackled dryly under me. Inside the ward the air was raw and still and the dressed battalion of filled beds so quiet that I thought these too were dead, each man rigid on his stinking pallet, from which liquid muck had dripped down to stiffen on the cemented floor.
>
> I picked forward a little between their lines, holding my white skirts about me, not to dip my bare feet in their puddled running: when suddenly I heard a sigh and turned abruptly to meet the open beady eyes of an out-stretched man, while "Aman, Aman" (pity, pity, pardon) rustled from the twisted lips. There was a brown waver as several tried to lift their hands, and a thin fluttering, like withered leaves, as they vainly fell back again upon their beds.

* * *

When judging his military achievements it must be remembered that he had to use the Arabs and the English without taking either into his full confidence; for example, he had to pretend an inability finally to cut the Hejaz railway because English officers would not understand the enormous advantage of keeping it just running. As a soldier he had to deceive his superiors, and as a writer he had to play a similar elaborate game, deceiving his friends and that side of himself which he could not get rid of, even by deed-poll. But he had great literary ambitions, he had matured, and I think he was about to enter on a most creative period as a writer. His death is a tragedy for English literature. DAVID GARNETT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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LETTER FROM CONRAD

WE are indebted to Commander Locker-Lampson for the following curious and unpublished letter from Joseph Conrad, which is all the more interesting in that it must be one of the few remaining unpublished letters from his hand in English, and was written at a time when his acquaintance with the language must be considered embryonic and when he was still learning his adopted tongue. In his recent autobiography Mr. H. G. Wells says that Conrad never quite managed in speech the pronunciation of English: but in this letter he is revealed at the early age of twenty-seven a master already, however immature, on paper at any rate, of the language which he was to turn to such prodigal and miraculous subsequent use. The portent indeed is seen to be a "portent" from the first. The letter is addressed to a Polish friend, whose two surviving sons permit its reproduction, and is also printed with the leave of the Trustee, Mr. Richard Curle.

Conrad, who was born in the Ukraine in 1857, first went to sea at seventeen with French ships and did not approach England till 1878 as an able seaman. He became third mate in 1880, and master and a British subject just prior to the date of this letter. He had only heard bad English spoken hitherto and that for not more than four years and intermittently. Moreover, in his own words, he "never opened an English Grammar."

The election to which Conrad refers is that spoken of by Mr. Garvin in the second volume of his Life of Chamberlain as "an all-changing election."

December 19th, 1885.
Calcutta.

MY DEAR SIR,

I received your kind and welcome letter yesterday, and to-day being Sunday, I feel that I could not make better use of my leisure hours than in answering your missive. By this time, you, I and the rest of the "right thinking" have been grievously disappointed by the result of the General Election. The newly enfranchised idiots have satisfied the yearnings of Mr. Chamberlain's hoard by cooking the national goose according to his recipe. The next culinary operation will be a "pretty kettle of fish"—of an international character! Joy reigns in St. Petersburg—no doubt, and profound disgust in Berlin; the International Socialist Association are triumphant, and every disreputable *ragamuffin in Europe feels that the day of universal brotherhood, despoliation and disorder is coming apace, and nurses day dreams of well plenished pockets amongst the ruins of all that is respectable, venerable and Holy*. The great British Empire went over the edge and got on to the inclined plane of social progress and radical reform! *The downward movement is hardly Preceptible yet and the clever men who started it may flatter themselves with the mistaken and delusive sense of their power to direct the great body in its progress; but they will soon find that the fate of the nation is out of hands now!* The Alpine avalanche rolls quicker and quicker as it nears the abyss—its ultimate destination! Where's the man to stop the crashing avalanche?

Where's the man to stop the rush of social, democratic idiocy? The opportunity and the day have come—and are gone, believe me gone for ever. For the sun is set and the last barrier removed. England was the only barrier to the pressure of infernal doctrines born in continental back-slums. Now there is nothing!

The destiny of this nation and of all nations is to be accomplished in darkness amidst much weeping and gnashing of teeth, to pass through robbery, equality, anarchy and misery under the iron rule of a military despotism. Such is the lesson of history! Such is the lesson of common-sense logic!

Socialism must inevitably end in Cesarism.

Forgive me this long disquistion; but your letter—so earnest on the subject must be my excuse. I understand you perfectly. You wish to apply remedies to quell the dangerous symptoms; you evidently hope yet——. I do so no longer. Truthfully I have ceased to hope a long time ago. We must drift!

The whole herd of idiotic humanity are moving in that direction at the bidding of unscrupulous rascals, and a few sincere and dangerous lunatics. Those things must be. It is a fatality!

I live mostly in the past—and in the future. The present has—you easily understand—few charms for me. I look with the serenity of despair and the indifference of contempt upon passing events. Disestablishment, Land Reform, universal brotherhood are but like milestones on the Road to Ruin. The end will be awful—no doubt! Neither you nor I shall live to see the final crash; although we may both turn in our graves when it comes for we both feel deeply and sincerely. Still there is no earthly remedy. All is vanity . . .!

This is signed,

Yours very sincerely and faithfully,

K. N. KORZENIOWSKI

THE HENRY JAMES PREFACES

The Art of the Novel. Prefaces by Henry James. Introduction by RICHARD P. BLACKMUR. *Scribners.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The twenty-three prefaces written by Henry James for the New York edition of his novels have been collected into one volume. He saw them, at the time (1908), as "in general, a plea for Criticism, for Discrimination, for Appreciation on other than infantile lines—as against the so almost universal Anglo-Saxon absence of these things, which tends so, in our general trade, it seems to me, to break the heart. . . ." His recent visit to America—a desperate effort, after years of exile, to return—had disappointed and shocked him; his work was even less read and understood there than in England, he himself either forgotten or looked on mildly as a monster; and he had come back to his house at Rye, aged sixty-three, to reflect on the only satisfaction of his journey—the proposed New York edition. It was, apparently, a new experience for him to re-read his own writings; we can see from the prefaces how he delighted and worried over the task. With each story he recaptures the details of its inception, the surroundings in which it was elaborated and written, the aesthetic geometry of the whole thing (this is what pleased him most), and the string of introductions was planned to be a single revelation of his artistic method. Afterwards, perhaps, the prefaces would, in their turn, be bound together and he would sit down to write the embracing Preface to them all. But the occasion was never to arise; the edition did not sell.

Now that at last the collection has been made—without James's final word on the matter—there is a sense of anticlimax. The Prefaces, admirable though they were for their purpose, are neither as conclusive nor as revealing as one might have expected from reading them separately. To be properly understood each must be taken with the book to which it was originally attached; where we have forgotten, or never read, a particular novel, James's criticism of it has few points of contact with the reader. The whole book in fact is not so much criticism as a critical extension, persuasive and ambiguous, of the James *corpus*. Its appeal is to the initiated. Mr. Blackmur, however, who provides a modest introduction, claims a good deal more for *The Art of the Novel* as a detached piece of criticism.

He quotes James's own definition: "To criticise is to appreciate, to appropriate, to take intellectual possession, to establish, in fine, a

relation with the criticised thing and make it one's own," and goes on to argue that *The Art of the Novel* " is the most sustained and I think the most eloquent and original piece of literary criticism in existence." This seems to me fantastic, for James's is essentially a piece of private pleading, however dispassionate and on however high a level, which we have only to put beside a real masterpiece of criticism to value at its true worth. In the same field the obvious comparison is with Flaubert's letters, which stand in much the same relation to Flaubert's art as do the Prefaces to James's novels. Flaubert, of course, like James, is arguing a particular case (what artist does not?), but his criticism can be read apart from the context of his novels, and even the most incidental remarks on his method, scrawled at two o'clock in the morning, reverberate in a way which few of James's sentences, penned for the occasion, are capable of doing. On the same point, for example, —allowing for the difference of view—James writes :

> What it all came back to was, no doubt, something like *this* wisdom —that if you haven't, for fiction, the root of the matter in you, haven't the sense of life and the penetrating imagination, you are a fool in the very presence of the revealed and assured ; but that if you *are* so armed, you are not really helpless, not without your resource, even before mysteries abysmal.

And Flaubert :

> The less one feels anything the more likely one is to express it as it is in fact—but one must have the power to make oneself feel it.

The sentence from James, it seems, might have come, rather less elegantly, from almost any intelligent novelist, but Flaubert's comment—typical of a hundred others, scattered up and down his correspondence—startles and reveals ; it lets in a chink of light, and whether we are inclined to agree or not, its implications will tell. One is influenced, too, no doubt, by the fact that Flaubert could see more sitting in his study than James ever saw by walking the streets of London, Paris, and Rome, of which, like Dickens, he had the habit.

The comparison, in general, of James with Flaubert may seem a little unfair ; but it has the advantage of taking James out of the charmed circle of his own sort of criticism, which after all has consistently backed him as a heavyweight. Both were novelists for whom imagination was inseparable from the critical intelligence, for whom form and style were all-important ; they shared a belief in detachment, in the unimportance of the subject, the necessity of an art " as hard as nails " (unexpectedly, James's phrase) ; as men, both suffered from a fear of life (James with the Atlantic between him and America, Flaubert entombed at Croisset), and from its aesthetic concomitant, that *maladie de l'idéal* which each to some extent encouraged in himself and exploited in his art. There, perhaps, if one adds a taste for irony and the comedy of types, the resemblance ends ; but it is ground enough in common. Flaubert succeeded as a major artist, James failed. Of the two, surely, despite the usual judgment, James is the more " curious " writer. We may regard *Salammbô* or even *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* as being among the curiosities of literature ; but, in my opinion, *The Tragic Muse* and *The Ambassadors* are a great deal more curious, because Flaubert has completely emptied the perverse corners of his mind, has turned out all his oddest furniture in order, while James presents us only with the small waxed clearing in the middle, so that we are left to guess at the lumber in the background. James, in fact, developed language as an instrument by which he could *avoid* telling a great deal, his subtlety is often evasion, and the judgment of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks—that " he makes the very substance of his art out of his own failure to grasp the materials of it "—appears to me essentially right. James was incapable of emptying a whole compartment of himself into a book. Thus, we find what he called " the international situation " (his own exile) taken up again and again, beginning with *Daisy Miller* and ending equivocally with *The Ambassadors*, and apart from the fact that the earlier attempts are the best, we are aware as he goes on that the more his own tragedy develops the farther in his novels he edges away from it. In *The Ambassadors* his fear of American commercialism makes it literally impossible for him to mention by name the manufacture which provides his characters with their money and leisure ; he can only hint and nervously joke (" . . . . Oh, we are quite brazen about it ! . . .") ; it is all the more awkward because from somewhere or other his Strether *must* have money in order to qualify as a possible character. A similar recoil, similar taboos, strain almost every chapter in the book, even to the descriptions of Paris and London where the action takes place—for Europe, as well as America, had let James down, so that he even undertook the impossible return home. I mention particularly *The Ambassadors* because it was in James's opinion the " best all round " of his novels, and because there, more than anywhere else in his writings, the style reaches a climax of achievement and the matter is kept consistently out of reach. " You mustn't walk on the grass," he seems to be saying to us, as we approach his " subject " ; " and it will be best if you don't see any grass to walk on ; but you will, of course, behave as though it were—in a sense—there ! " No wonder, with his horror of the fact, he was afraid of *War and Peace* (" what does it artistically *mean* ? "), that he was shocked by Flaubert's art even more than by his dressing-gown !

Much of the enjoyment of Henry James's novels has evaporated now that the technique no longer excites. It is difficult to read the later novels without feeling the barrier of style, the awkwardness of his relay of " spectators " who give the impression very often of three or four Henry Jameses, like the painters in the advertisement, facing one way and meticulously writing the same words on one another's backs. And if his novels suffer, on this side, from an embarrassment of " spectators " all looking out of the picture—if the famous " point of view," compared say with Flaubert's, is itself too much of a foreground and irritates by a lack of detachment—on the other, the subjective side, they are hardly more satisfactory, because where we want one James we have twenty. In his later prose Henry James must often remind us of Proust—a disembodied Proust—and with the comparison in mind we cannot help wishing at times that he would cease to dramatise himself, and would speak at first hand : he misses, for example, both the rich individual associations and the solid projection of Proust's characters. As it is, James is now more interesting than many of his books, and I think that we get rather more of James in a biography like *The Pilgrimage of Henry James* than in *The Tragic Muse*, which deals with the life of an artist, or in *The Ambassadors*, which describes the appeal of Europe to an imaginative American.

There remains, of course, the attraction of the style, the exact if gingerly prying out of ideas, which encourages the sympathetic reader to be curious and to theorise in his turn. James expects of the reader a sympathy, an echo to his thought. And *The Art of the Novel* provides as perfect a response to the novels as it would be possible to have. It emphasises, too, what appealed most to James and will perhaps carry him farthest, the example he set as a writer, the indefatigable variations of method, a whole minor *Kunst der Fuge* of the novel.

G. W. Stonier

DOMENICO SCARLATTI

A Background for Domenico Scarlatti, 1685-1757. By Sacheverell Sitwell. *Faber*. 5s.

In an age when it is the desire of every country to exclude foreign labour and to develop the tourist industry as a source of revenue musical festivals have come to be regarded as profitable undertakings, and in a year which marked no very important musical centenary it was a fortunate convenience that two, if not three, of the greatest masters could be utilised on the excuse of a two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Germany set the fashion in Bach and Handel Festivals, but probably it is only in England that Handel's contemporary and personal friend Domenico Scarlatti is being honoured on almost equal terms. Neither in his native Italy nor in his adopted country, Spain, is much fuss likely to be made about him ; but in England there is at least a certain public which realises his greatness and welcomes his originality as a piquant relief to the more massive solidities of Bach and Handel. His music has been continuously known and appreciated in this country ever since Thomas Roseingrave made friends with him in Venice, but it was Diaghilev's ballet *The Good-humoured Ladies* which introduced him to Bloomsbury and Chelsea, and through their patronage to wider circles.

Mr. Sitwell has had the ingenious idea of evoking the geographical and social environment in which Domenico Scarlatti pursued a varied and unusual career. By calling his book a background he disarms criticism of his purely biographical matter, which he has unfortunately drawn mostly from authorities (my own included) that are now out of date. He wisely refrains from burdening the reader with musical criticism, for the musical interpretation of Scarlatti's life-work presents problems which still call for long and patient scientific research of a type that finds few scholars to undertake it and few readers to appreciate it.

It has recently been proved that the Scarlatti family came from Palermo, not from Trapani, as has hitherto been supposed on very inadequate evidence ; it has also been shown that they were a numerous dynasty of professional musicians, some forty of them

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having been identified and traced. Domenico was born at Naples, and Mr. Sitwell's first chapter sketches the background of Naples with his well-known virtuosity of touch. Mr. Sitwell's book on Liszt showed in a remarkable degree a quality peculiar to his historical style; he succeeded in creating the illusion that he himself had lived through that epoch and had been personally acquainted with the great social and artistic figures which adorned it. It is a pity that he did not see fit to tell us more about the actual personalities of Scarlatti's Naples, such as his own godparents and various other patrons and friends of his father Alessandro, for it is inconceivable that Mr. Sitwell should not have the *entrée* to that fantastic society. Rome and Venice he treats with less detail; so much has already been written about eighteenth-century Venice that Mr. Sitwell's readers may safely be presumed to need no further introductions there. It is not until Scarlatti arrives in Lisbon that the author unfolds his full learning and his fascinating power of imaginative reconstruction. He gives us a wonderful study of the dwarfish Maria Barbara, Princess of Portugal and Queen of Spain, for whom Scarlatti's five hundred and fifty lessons were composed; we follow her and her melancholy husband Fernando VI to Madrid, La Granja and Aranjuez. The court life, with its hunting parties, its palaces and gardens, and its incredibly horrible tortures of heretics, is described with an appropriately Spanish austerity. Mr. Sitwell may delight in the macabre, but he ignores that scandalous letter of the French Ambassador of 1746, in which he informs his Government in the strictest secrecy that both Maria Barbara and her mother-in-law, the Queen Dowager Elisabetta Farnese, were suspected of amorous relations with one, if not both, of the two Italian musicians, Scarlatti and the singer Farinelli, who, so he says, were the only Italians of any importance at the court. It is doubtless this inflexible sense of dignity which, for fear of being thought sentimental, has led him to ignore one of the very few known autographs of Domenico, a pathetic letter written in 1752 to the Duke of Alba, first reproduced in facsimile in 1927. His death is not even mentioned.

This is not a book for what are called in America "musicologists," but it is emphatically a book for musicians, just because they will learn from it a great deal that is not to be found in histories and dictionaries of music. Mr. Sitwell's momentary incursions into musical criticism may be sketchy, but they are at any rate provocative and stimulating; his "background," which after all is what he set out to depict, is shown to have a real bearing on Scarlatti's inner artistic development. The musical student of Scarlatti will gain a more vivid impression of his personality, and the literary reader may, one hopes, be induced to take a new interest in one of the most conspicuously original of all great composers.

EDWARD J. DENT

ENGLAND CHANGING AND CHANGED

The Heart of England. By IVOR BROWN. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.
The Beauty of Britain. A Pictorial Survey. By VARIOUS CONTRIBUTORS. *Batsford.* 5s.

Less work and more and more varied leisure, hygienic days upon the beach at Clacton or in the old car going to Clacton instead of boozy nights in the pubs in the East End; bathing and sun-bathing in the bi-sexual lidos of the suburbs instead of fourpenny mono-sexual dips in the indoor municipal baths—undoubtedly it is a changed England to which Mr. Brown introduces us: changed, and changed for the better. People are better off; they are more in the open air; they have more energy; they laugh more. Their food is better, and so are their clothes, and they have more entertainments. Not only have people more money; what money there is, is better distributed. But more important as a social leveller than money is applied science. "A machine," as Mr. Brown notes, "may operate far more quickly than a political or economic measure to abolish poverty and wipe out the distinctions of class and finance." To artificial silk we owe the almost total disappearance of the "slavey" class. Even the better seats at the cinema are within the reach of all but the very poor. Most can afford bicycles, many motor bicycles, many even cars; while "with the nationalisation of marble halls and padded fauteuils" the eating houses of the poor become almost indistinguishable from those of the rich.

Mr. Brown has collected a varied bag of facts, and for 120 pages he proceeds to comment on them shrewdly, sensibly, amusingly. One is in the hands of a supremely competent guide to modern England, announcing a set of variations on the theme: "The influence of petrol on national habit." "The motor coach is a post-Sabbatarian invention and, being born free, it has never been put in chains"; "petrol flows from the parish pump and the farmers' sons have motor-bicycles"—with such remarks the traveller through modern England is continuously enlivened and improved. We see the English shopping and marketing, week-ending, playing games and watching them, living in suburbs, flocking to road houses, not going to church, hiking in the country, queuing for the cinema. Mr. Brown has an eye for the more unsuspected results of social change. Thus we learn that Sunday travel has destroyed the solid Sunday meal, "and butchers have publicly complained of diminished trade because so many families take tinned food, hard-boiled eggs and ham sandwiches on their Sunday picnic instead of sitting down to the customary sirloin or leg of lamb." The collapse of the herring industry again—I make Mr. Brown a present of this fact—may be partially ascribed to the habit of cinema going. Thirty years ago a north of England upper working-class family sat down to a substantial high tea which more often than not included a herring, grilled or soused. Now the business of grilling and sousing is found burdensome by those who count any moment wasted away from the cinema, and a ready prepared meal is taken out of tins instead. Herrings, too, take an inordinate time to consume!

When comfort and even luxury become accessible most of the way down the social scale, when wireless and silk stockings, cinemas, lip-sticks and motor-bikes are the perquisites of all, those who desire distinction will look for it elsewhere. In the Victorian age wealth and comfort were the almost universal objects of desire. But to-day, if we may judge from the dictators, luxury and comfort have receded from the first place in men's affections, and those who are in a position to gratify every whim live austere lives and emphasize their superiority by cultivating privacy and power, the two non-communal goods which the many cannot share. It is only, in fact, when material goods become the property of all that men think it important to be non-materialists.

From the general trend of Mr. Brown's tempered optimism few would wish to dissent. Yet I wonder whether his picture is not painted a shade too rosily. Even the cheerful Mr. Priestley in his Introduction is moved to ask whether Mr. Brown is not too pleased with the new suburbia. "There is," he says, "something tepid and passive about its life that worries me." You can think of the suburbs, as Mr. Brown does, as combining the advantages of town and country life, and noting that the pulse of the city beats no longer at its centre but in its suburbs you will be pleased. Alternatively, you can think of them as exhibiting in their maximum degree the disadvantages of both. The former, no doubt, was their intention; the latter is too often their effect. As the towns continue to sprawl, the countryside recedes ever farther from the suburbs, with the result that, so far as country sights and sounds are concerned, the suburb dweller might be living in a town, while so far as social solitude is concerned he might be living in the country. Admittedly he has neighbours; but he does not know them, nor are the dwellers in these great agglomerations of inflamed brick imbued by any sense of community. Loneliness without beauty, in fact, is the slogan for the suburbs.

Or consider speed. "Leisure and locomotion" are, says Mr. Brown, the two outstanding characteristics of our time, and Mr. Priestley, writing in *The Beauty of Britain*, which he has also introduced, rebuts the charge frequently made against the contemporary young that they have no feeling for the English country because their main use for it is as a speed track for their cars. I believe, he says mildly, "that swift motion across a countryside does not necessarily take away all appreciation of its charm." Possibly. Yet to what end do the moderns move so swiftly? It is not clear: it has been noted as characteristic of this generation to move heaven and earth to gain five minutes and not to have the faintest idea what to do with them when it has succeeded.

The Beauty of Britain contains a series of essays by various authors in praise of the lovelier parts of the English country—the Cotswolds and the Lakes, the Yorkshire moors and the Sussex Downs. It also contains a large number of beautiful photographs—those in Mr. Brown's book tend to be interesting rather than beautiful. For its photographs alone *The Beauty of Britain* is worth possessing. Yet it is hard to look at them without remembering the threat which hangs over that which they so beautifully

DENT BOOKS

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record. For my part, I would make it an offence to publish any picture of England beautiful without its counterpart picture of England ugly. Mr. Brown gives a fair selection of bungaloids, perky villas and devastated areas. But that these may have their full effect upon the reader they should be exhibited side by side with the loveliness they have replaced. "Our vandalism," says Mr. Brown hopefully, "is at least being challenged if it is not checked." But again one may ask: To what end is it being challenged? Certainly not to that of its suppression, for it proceeds apace, eating up the beauty of England in spite of the feeble efforts of the few men of good will who would have it stopped. The Beauty of Britain certainly! And no doubt we love it very much. But looking back upon our age posterity will have sadly to record that it is only such peoples as do not love their country as are likely to retain a countryside worth loving.

C. E. M. Joad

NUMEN

Religion in Virgil. By Cyril Bailey. *Oxford Univ. Press.* 15*s.*

Virgil is a very difficult poet, and the ground of the difficulty lies in the uncentralised quality of his mind. He would have been easier, he might have been more at ease, within a dogmatic framework such as Lucretius and Milton accepted for themselves. But, just as he was too late to be Homeric and too great a poet to be Alexandrian, so he was too philosophic to believe in the gods and too Italian to do without them. It is this Italian background which, thanks in the main to Frazer, Warde Fowler and Mr. Bailey's own *Phases in the Religion of Ancient Rome*, we now understand better than any earlier generation of readers, better indeed than Virgil's Roman commentators. In a sense we might claim to understand it better than Virgil himself. New light has come to steady the wavering perspective of his religious thought; to articulate and stratify the "strange medley," the dreamlike incoherence of his religious imagery.

The thoroughness of Mr. Bailey's investigation may be estimated from the fact that over thirteen hundred passages are called up for examination, and Virgil is not a voluminous author. To criticise it in detail would require an equally attentive study, but I must notice one point where Mr. Bailey has, I think, fallen into an error of some consequence. He suggests that the Lucina of the *Pollio*, who is to preside over the birth of the Messianic child, is Juno. But surely she is Diana.

Casta favi Lucina: tuus jam regnat Apollo,

a verse of which the Carmen Saeculare is no more than the expansion. The association is instructive, because if Apollo is the most definite, the most rational, and therefore the most Greek of all the gods, Diana of the mountains and the green forests, of the hidden glens and sounding rivers, is the most Italian. She has taken over enough of Artemis to give her an appreciable personality, but under her mythical decorations she remains the *numen* of the Italian landscape, mirrored in Lake Nemi, *speculum Dianae:* and in the person of Camilla, *decus Italiae virgo*, nurtured among the sounding waters, she comes down from the mountains and the forests, to lead Messapia and Latium and Tibur against the invader from the East. So, when East and West meet in the grapple at Actium, which to Virgil was at once the end and the beginning of an age, it is the Italians whom Caesar moves to battle, the Italian gods to whom he pays "their immortal due," and the monsters and orgies of the Orient are arrayed,

Contra Neptunum et Venerem contraque Minervam,

against the sea that washes the Italian coasts, the orchards and spinning rooms of Italian farms.

This primitive Italian faith, deifying without personifying, which has provided so large a part of our religious vocabulary, has lately refurnished us with the conception of the numinous. "The will of a king is very numinous: it hath kind of a vast universality in it." Mr. Bailey's analysis shows how aptly this Puritan minister's saying fits the idea. Numen may be departmentalised, but ultimately it is one and indivisible. At all times it is acknowledged by the *pius*, and at sundry times and in divers manners it may force itself upon our observation, either in a specific sensation or in an extraordinary event. On the phenomenal plane the events may seem capricious, belonging to the sphere of Fortuna. Noumenally, they are, as we may say, overruled. How far Virgil thought of this overruling element as personal, how far he identified it with Jupiter Capitolinus, it would be hard to say: Mr. Bailey's study of Fate, of the relations between Jupiter, Juno and Venus, makes us realise how much he was hampered by an exhausted and frivolous mythology. Addison was once entertained at Venice by an opera which bore the cautionary note that all references to gods and fate were to be taken as *scherzo poetico*, and that the librettist believed all that Mother Church believes. Virgil had no Mother Church, and the most obvious article of his unformulated faith is one which time rapidly disproved, that the Roman Empire was, in history, the final revelation of the "vast universality," henceforth to work freely and beneficially for all mankind. A poet who had seen the world fall to pieces under the Republic and come together again under Augustus might believe that some power above Fortune was in command, and incarnate. But much deeper than any tentative rational theology, much more intimate than any confidence in Rome or Caesar, traceable only, but traceable everywhere, in hints and cadences, is his sense of the sacramental quality of the Italian way of life, which it was Caesar's mission to restore and Rome's to guard. There is a blending of augustitude and tenderness which we think of as Virgilian, because Virgil has expressed it most perfectly. But it is in Lucretius, too: it is in Catullus and Horace. Rather, therefore, should we think of it as the Italian correction of the over-analytic, over-definite Greek attitude to life, and associate it with the Italian counterchange of a vast universality and a minute domesticity in the numen and its manifestations, *penatibus et magnis dis.*

G. M. Young

THE CASE FOR LABOUR

The Will and the Way to Socialism. By Major C. R. Attlee, M.P. *Methuen.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Labour's Way to Peace. By Arthur Henderson, M.P. *Methuen.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

A General Election being imminent, Major Attlee is editing a series of short books, of which these are the first, designed to state the point of view from which the Labour Party approaches the issues. Their purpose, if the two volumes under review are a fair sample, is less party controversy than the elucidation of general principles underlying the philosophy of Labour.

Major Attlee, who has the more difficult task, sets out simply and reasonably the kind of world which the Labour Party wants. It is a planned world both nationally and internationally, in which the instruments of production are owned by the community, their present owners being paid reasonable compensation for their displacement. It is an end to be attained democratically, though Major Attlee emphasises that a refusal of Labour's opponents to "play the game" would necessarily have drastic consequences. The strength of his book lies in his clear perception of the principles upon which Labour would act and the reasonable and persuasive way in which he approaches the causes of its demand for Socialist reconstruction. Inevitably, he has no space in so small a volume to deal with the difficulties of the problem. On the nature of the State, the problem of freedom, the niceties of the constitutional issues, he is compelled to be dogmatic. But the reader who seeks to know briefly what is implied in the Labour Programme will find in this little book an admirable approach.

Mr. Henderson's volume is at once more narrow and more wide. It is essentially a philosophic essay, written with great vigour and considerable eloquence, upon the meaning of the peace programme adopted by the Labour Party at Southport last year. Its essential emphasis is upon the need to take the initiative for peace now; and this insistence is combined with the argument that collective security is unattainable save in terms of a Socialist approach to the problems of reconstruction, both national and international. Mr. Henderson is emphatic that national sovereignty must go; and he is prepared to direct institutional recognition of the need to place loyalty to the world-order before loyalty to the individual state. Mr. Henderson's *obiter dicta* on the Far East, the issue of disarmament, the relation of the League to America, are all of great importance. He has set out a policy which, could it be given opportunity of serious expression, would change the face of the world.

Like Major Attlee, Mr. Henderson is affirmative rather than controversial; and he is not, therefore, concerned with the difficulties in the way of his ideals. The sceptic is bound to enquire whether these have now any great chance against the obstacles in their path. They involve the abandonment by Japan and Germany of their ambitions. They are incompatible with both Fascism and nationalism. They depend, for their acceptance, upon the willingness of the electorate to recognise how profoundly peace is interwoven with Socialist principle, and the decision of our own vested interests (not to speak of those abroad) to accept

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their erosion peacefully. It is not, I think, excessive to suggest that these are high expectations. Major Attlee's volume opens with a statement from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the basis of which is purely Fascist in temper. He assumes that representative government can only work when the nation is in fundamental unity upon the principles of its life. The very existence of a Labour Party committed to Socialist reconstruction is, of course, a denial of that unity. The question to which one would like an answer in this series is how far the leaders of the Labour Party are assured that their opponents are committed to constitutionalism, and the grounds of this assurance. The margins between their ideals and the facts of the world situation to-day are uncomfortably wide. H. J. LASKI

AUTHOR, PUBLISHER AND PRINTER

Proof-Reading in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By PERCY SIMPSON. *Oxford University Press.* 45*s.*

This is a specialist's book, and it is no good pretending that its subject will appeal to the layman, who has never troubled to consider the complicated process by which an author's manuscript is turned into a printed book. The average reader is happily unaware of the sorrows of printers, publishers and authors, and the pangs which after five centuries of printing still mark the various stages in the transmission of a text. On the face of it, a study of proof-reading does not promise any very lively entertainment, except possibly for bibliographers, textual critics, typographers and the like; these are the experts for whom Dr. Simpson's learned and elaborately documented book is primarily intended. It contains, for example, information of practical value, essential to the student and editor of early texts. But there are many people, I believe, and more especially writers, who will find much to amuse and interest them in a casual glance through its finely printed and well-illustrated pages. For Dr. Simpson, though formidably learned, is not inhuman and there are many odd and entertaining anecdotes and quotations in his survey.

Roughly speaking, Dr. Simpson's object is to refute the legend that during the first three centuries of printing the author had no say in the preparation of his manuscript for publication, and that the printer was responsible for every conceivable kind of error and lunacy. His refutation is supported by a mass of material proof, collected from a wide variety of sources. He shows, for instance, that Ben Jonson, Burton and Hooker were assiduous correctors. Some of his examples prove that there was considerable friction and irritation between author and publisher during the setting-up of a book. It is a wonder, indeed, that their relations did not terminate in free fights. For, in early days, when communication was slow and inadequate, the author frequently boarded with the printer or, when he lived in the neighbourhood, was always hanging about the office ready to snatch proof pulls or finished sheets as they issued from the press. From this primitive method of correcting Dr. Simpson deduces some important facts about the textual variants that frequently occur in different copies of the same edition of a book. At the same time, he quotes extensively from prefaces and addresses to the gentle and long-suffering reader, which indicate that good humour generally prevailed. Mistakes were inevitable, and the reader was indulgent. Coryat entreated the public " to winke at " faults not noted in the *errata* of his " Crudities " ; a printer asked to be excused on the grounds that the copy was " verie darke and enterlined " ; Nashe confessed that his handwriting was impossible and appealed to the author and corrector of all sublunary things : " God amend and guide us all." It was seldom that the antagonism between author and publisher expressed itself as violently as it did in the outburst of a Dean of Christ Church against " crassissima Operarum inscitia, et Correctorum."

Before the middle of the eighteenth century the press-corrector was an established fact and proofs were sent out to the author. The printer had triumphed in his long battle to keep the author at bay. Dr. Simpson's detailed examination of the duties and remuneration of the professional " reader " attached to the printing-house, and of the expert called in for special work (e.g. foreign languages), is most illuminating, particularly for the light it throws on the methods employed at the Clarendon Press. Scarcely less interesting is his account of the immense pains taken at the Foulis Press to produce an impeccable text of Homer, the printer going so far as to cancel the whole sheet for an error on a single page.

Dr. Simpson's patient attention to detail and his tendency to dwell overlong on particular instances have the effect of splitting up his book into isolated fragments. It lacks continuity and a single unifying theme which would co-ordinate the results of so much steadfast research into a clear and coherent account of the gradual evolution of the whole subject of proof-reading and its significance as a vital link in the process by which the written word is reproduced and multiplied and transmitted to the public. I am sure Dr. Simpson will forgive a concluding comment of a more particular kind, if only because it fits his book so neatly. It is extraordinary and yet comforting to find that in spite of Dr. Simpson's enviable reputation for exactness and in spite of all the resources of the Clarendon Press, there are some startling misprints in this book. " Who faulteth not, liveth not " was the consoling reflection of an erring printer in 1613. Dr. Simpson must have been in a singularly lively mood when he established the fact that the Cambridge University Press, founded in 1521, celebrated its tercentenary in 1921 ! JOHN HAYWARD

CLUES TO LEONARDO

Catalogue of the Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci at Windsor. 2 vols. By KENNETH CLARK. *Cambridge University Press.* £4 10*s.*

A recent and fascinating excursus by a series of deductions traced with all the relentless accuracy of Lord Peter Wimsey the library with which Coleridge occupied his leisure during the periods of his poetical activity. Mr. Kenneth Clark in an equally attractive and even more intricate subject, the establishment, the chronological arrangement, and the identification of Leonardo da Vinci's drawings at Windsor, has in a field where many other distinguished scholars have already trod, by brilliantly persuasive argument built up a structure which is in every important aspect unassailable. Possibly it was the much-trampled field that led him to decide to begin his researches from the very beginning; if so, the art-historian of Italian painting may count himself lucky, for Mr. Clark's freshness of vision, combined with that clear grasp of essential facts and power of selection, which made his work in *The Gothic Revival* and the commemorative catalogue of the Italian Exhibition so notable, in this catalogue carry his reasoning to unshakable conclusions. The chief difficulty of the identification of Leonardo's drawings at Windsor is that apart from the anatomical drawings they are in the main studies of conceptions which no longer exist; outstanding among them, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Battle of the Anghiari, and the Sforza and Trivulzio monuments. The connection of any particular drawing with any particular composition must therefore be largely a matter of conjecture, but Mr. Clark, by reversing the process of previous scholars, which tended to connect a drawing with one or other of the schemes largely on *a priori* grounds of subject, and by constructing on internal evidence the probable date of the drawing, has been able with much more chance of certainty to associate it with the project for which it was sketched and therefore to clear away much of the mist enveloping these compositions. In this process of construction he employs what would seem to be a perfectly ordinary form of logical survey of the evidence, but the odd thing is that with all the work that has been done by scholars on Leonardo no one—and I include Müller Walde and Popp, the outstanding figures in the history of the criticism of Leonardo—has adopted this method *in toto*.

In a survey of Leonardo's drawings the first and most vital documents are the MSS., many of which are exactly dated, while others can be dated on internal evidence to within two or three years. They are mainly important for giving milestones in the chronology of Leonardo's style and the changes in his technique. A second clue, which has been less used than it might have been, relies on the alteration in his handwriting, first recognised as of supreme importance by Calvi in his *I Manuscritti de Leonardo*. The transition from the beautiful Gothic hand of Leonardo's early life to the blunt and personal style of his later years is well marked, and it is on this clue that Mr. Clark is able to show conclusively that the celebrated sheet with instructions for casting a horse, which has always been associated with the Sforza monument, cannot belong to so early a period and must therefore represent the project for the Trivulzio memorial. Another pointer, little used, is the question of paper and water-marks. Much remains to be done in the way of research on this question, but Mr. Clark is the first to show that any drawings done on French paper should date from a period subsequent to the French Occupa-

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tion of Milan and consequently belong to the period after Leonardo's return from Florence. Such evidence as this by itself is not inevitably conclusive, and the most important deciding factor must always be the development of the artist's style, but all this data supplies valuable corroboration and in many cases clinches the particular argument with which Mr. Clark is dealing.

On this all-important question of the development of Leonardo's style Mr. Clark is lucid and concise in what is an extremely difficult subject on which to give definite views. On the technical side his reasons for deciding that from c. 1473–1490 Leonardo used silver-point, from 1490–1500 mainly red chalk, from 1500–1506 red chalk and pen and ink, and in the final stages of his life black chalk and pen and ink, leave little cause for argument. What is still more admirably expressed is the essence of the drawing of each of those periods. It is here that Mr. Clark's critical ability is so extraordinarily penetrating, and to layman and expert so indefinably inside the skin, while in many small details the reader is always coming across some succinct piece of information. It seems simple enough to say that in all genuine drawings by Leonardo the shading, as one would expect in a left-handed artist, is always from left to right, but it does not happen to have been said before.

Among his more important conclusions are the association of the group of drawings of plants (12419–12430) with the Leda cartoon, his inferences on the lost cartoon of Christ among the Doctors, and the association of a number of drawings of horses, previously assigned to the Sforza and Trivulzio monuments, with the lost Adoration of the Shepherds. In his discussion on the so-called Deluge series, which belong to the last years of Leonardo's life, Mr. Clark, like all other critics before him, considers that these remarkable drawings are founded on the artist's long study of the movement of water, and adduces as a comparison the same method employed by the Japanese painters K-orin and Hokusai. I have often wondered myself if this conclusion is correct, and whether Leonardo had not the inspiration of smoke and fire before him. Certainly to me the convolutions suggest much more an elaboration of the Renaissance convention of this motive so admirably employed at a later period by such men as Jaques Conrade at Nevers or the unknown designer of the embroidered Genesis pillows at South Kensington; while as regards comparison with Far Eastern Art it is with the more savage inspiration of the burning palace in the Keion roll at Boston that I would associate these drawings, rather than with the conscious patterns of K-orin's wave-screens. But this is mere comment on a book which is packed from beginning to end with suggestive and illuminating information. The close of the preface holds out to the reader the hope that Mr. Clark is going to write one day for us that authoritative essay on Leonardo for which this catalogue affords such entrancing promise.

The catalogue is admirably produced; the format and printing are good and the reproductions, which comprise every drawing in the collection, are clear; in addition, every piece of writing on these pages is transcribed *in extenso*, in itself a matter of supreme importance. In one place the printer has played an innocent joke. Mr. Charles Clark, who appears thus in the introduction, appears in the catalogue as Mr. Charles Clarke, and it would be hard if the distinguished author did not know one Clark from another.

Leigh Ashton

THE
ROYALISTS
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ADVENTURES AT SEA

Hashish. By Henry de Monfreid. Translated by Helen Buchanan Bell. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Blue Tunnyman. By Andrew Andrews. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sailor's Wisdom. By William McFee. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is all very well to say that subject doesn't matter. Of course this is true of great writers, but where lesser men are concerned the subject seems to me to matter enormously. No one who sticks to the facts and does not generalise is dull about primitive people. No one, who is honest, is dull about himself. And it is the rarest thing for anyone, with any knowledge of his subject, to be dull about the sea.

An interesting example of this occurs in *Sailor's Wisdom* by Mr. McFee. *Sailor's Wisdom* is a rag-bag of articles and essays, for the most part workmanlike little pieces of journalism, which Mr. McFee has collected over what is apparently quite a long course of years. Most of them are about himself, and most of them, fortunately, are about the sea. So long as they are definitely about either of these things they are interesting, and when they are both they are often vivid and exciting. Unfortunately there are other pieces, historical pieces, generalised descriptions, and imaginary reconstructions of events, of which Mr. McFee knows no more than we do, and these are not so good. The effort after "fine writing" becomes laboured, and this is interspersed with such tired phrases as "Jack ashore," or such tired sentences as: "It was one of the minor distractions of participants in the late Great War in Europe to observe the fantastic evolutions of marine nomenclature." When Mr. McFee's mind is in his engine-room he does not write like that.

The Blue Tunnyman is also about the sea and also autobiographical. But Mr. Andrews is an amateur sailor, and he only tells us about that part of his life which he has been able to spend in the pursuit of his hobby. Hobbies are not so interesting to other people as callings are, and there is nothing in this book to move one as much as Mr. McFee's accounts of repairing broken engines in a storm. But it is a pleasant, interesting book. Mr. Andrews, as a very young man, owned a fishing boat in Cyprus. He went to the war. And since then he has cruised along the coasts of England and France, sometimes in boats of his own, and sometimes in those of his friends. He obviously knows a great deal about his subject, he loves the sea and sailing craft of all kinds, and, writing about what he knows and cares for, he writes well.

I have left *Hashish* to the end because it is in an entirely different class from that of the first two books. Like them it is about the sea and largely autobiographical, but there the likeness ends.

Hashish is a sequel to two other books of reminiscences about illicit trading, pearl fishing, and gun-running in native boats from shore to shore in the Red Sea. It tells of M. de Monfreid's sudden resolution to buy a cargo of hashish and to smuggle it into Egypt. He knows nothing about hashish and nothing about the ins-and-outs of that branch of smuggling. However, he goes off to Spain and thence to the mountains of Greece and buys his hashish. He has it shipped to Marseilles, and reshipped, via Port Said, to Djibouti. At Djibouti, where his native boat is waiting for him, he tranships it again, and the rest of his story is occupied with his account of sailing up the Red Sea, of hiding his hashish in the sand a few miles south of Suez, of entering Suez and finding the necessary purchaser, of handling his purchaser

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with the greatest care so as not to find himself cheated out of the reward of his tremendous labours, and of his final return home to Djibouti.

The whole of this story is told with the utmost economy. There are storms and intolerable heat at sea. There is the horrible stench of the trocas fishing. There is a charming account of a visit to the farm in Greece where the hemp for the hashish is grown. There is a Greek priest who acts, with his relations, as the chief intermediary in this illicit business. There are shady cafés, and shadier bar-loungers. There are wealthy smugglers living in their palaces and hundreds of smaller men living at their mercy. Finally there is the native crew who share M. de Monfreid's adventures and whom he understands and writes about so vividly.

Now how true this story may be historically it is, of course, impossible to judge. But of its artistic truth there can be no doubt. Every detail stands out sharp and clear like rocks before a storm. The characters, though few of them are in length more than mere sketches, are as unlike types as the characters one is forced to know at close quarters in real life. Their faces are not, as you thought at first, much like other people's faces. Their talk, their slyness, their good nature, their cowardice and courage, and even their smell, are individual. It is true that most of them are simple characters, but though simple characters are common enough in books, it is seldom one gets this authentic tang of individuality outside the pages of the great writers.

But *Hashish* is not an ordinary book. It has all those advantages of subject. It is about the sea; it is, or appears to be, honest autobiography; and it is largely about simple people. These facts are common to many books one enjoys, and this is quite unlike them. How far this fact is due to the writer's queer and impressive personality, and how far to his skill as a writer, it is hard to say. He has a genius for narrative, and there are scenes in *Hashish* which one will remember for a long time.

The book is tolerably translated, and is illustrated with some extremely good photographs. RALPH WRIGHT

SOVIET LITERATURE

Soviet Russian Literature. By GLEB STRUVE. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It is difficult to take a balanced view of Soviet literature unless one has some sort of sympathy with the philosophy behind Soviet planning and organisation. Hence the trouble with Mr. Gleb Struve's critical survey, which has many excellent points but is noticeably wanting in enthusiasm for Communist ideals. The book is well informed, it is in a sense quite impartial, the individual criticisms are on the whole very just, and the author has some pertinent things to say about dictatorship in literary matters and about the silly side of proletarian aesthetics. But his point of view is that of the enlightened *émigré* who has no use for "socialist construction" in Russia or for revolutionary conceptions generally. The materialist idea of literature leaves him cold. He has an eye, in fact, only for the signs of constraint and immaturity in Soviet letters, not for the literary turmoil of a new culture in the making.

Controversy about the proper function of literature under Communism has been inexhaustible and rather furious, and the Party line has zigzagged continuously since 1917. It is possible to distinguish five principal phases in the official attitude. During the period of War Communism—the café period of revolutionary literature—the Futurist poets led by the magnificently strident Mayakovsky held the stage, and at the same time the Proletcult movement got under way. With the introduction of NEP came a degree of freedom for those bourgeois writers whom Trotsky called fellow-travellers, who were loyal to the Soviet régime but did not look upon themselves as revolutionaries. A still larger measure of freedom for these writers produced a good deal of interesting fiction and verse during the years 1925–28, particularly from the *Zvezda* group in Leningrad. There were, however, pundits in Moscow and elsewhere who had been clamouring all this time for a specifically proletarian art and culture, and their turn came with the introduction of the first Five-Year Plan. A stringent and obtuse dictatorship was established on the whole literary front. This went on for more than three years, during which time the proletarian literary organisations transformed the business of writing and publishing into something like a Party racket, a vast deal of rubbishy stuff of blameless orthodoxy made its appearance, and Soviet literature seemed to be drying up. At last, in the spring of 1932, the racket was liquidated and the

proletarian bodies RAPP and VOAPP were replaced by an All-Union association of writers pledged to support Socialist construction. The official artistic faith at the present day is summed up in the slightly nebulous phrase "Socialist realism."

The question left unanswered by all the shifts and turns of Communist policy in regard to literature is whether there is such a thing as proletarian literature. If for the first time in history you bring together the proletariat and the world of literature, are you in fact bound to create an intrinsically proletarian brand of literature? The early Bolshevik leaders had no patience with the notion. They were surely right. In artistic affairs, as in all others, you cannot have your cake and eat it too. If literature is to assist in the building of a classless Socialist society, it must obviously partake of the same transitional character as the proletarian dictatorship. But there is all the difference in the world between stamping out counter-revolutionary tendencies in poetry and raising class-consciousness to the level of poetic impulse. In point of fact, so-called proletarian novelists like Fadeyev and Sholokhov are no more proletarian than Tolstoy, whose realistic psychology they have to some extent made their own; while an all-political and highly original poet like Pasternak, who has frequently been damned for lack of class-consciousness, is artistically the most revolutionary of Soviet poets. No, the good Marxist should have the courage of his convictions. In its transitional phase Soviet literature has to sacrifice a good deal to the necessities of cultural revolution, so that even to-day writers have to put up with the restraints imposed by the official slogan of "Socialist realism." It is no use pretending that such restraints are good for literature, however essential they are to the prodigious task of transforming Russian society.

Mr. Struve's book deals only with the literature of Great Russia; nothing is said of Ukrainian or Georgian literature, both of which appear to have come astonishingly to life in recent years, or of the developing literature of the lesser national minorities. His style of interpretation is academic, sometimes severely so, and his language is a rather Russified English; the indiscriminate use of the definite article—*the* Russian literature, *the* proletarian culture, etc.—is trying. But the book is useful and should not be without interest for the student of Russian affairs in general.

R. D. CHARQUES

"THAT LITTLE PREROGATIVE"

The Letters and Diplomatic Instructions of Queen Anne.
Edited by BEATRICE CURTIS BROWN. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

The popular conception of Anne, illustrated at present by Mr. Ginsbury's play, is that of a pawn moved in turn by Sarah and Abigail, a tearful vessel for brandy and Canary wine, a valetudinarian "circus queen." Her weaknesses were etched in gall by the brilliant pen of a disappointed woman and for years history was coloured by Sarah's estimate. Recent work, including the trilogy of Professor Trevelyan, has done something to rehabilitate the Queen. No one has taken a greater part in this rehabilitation than Miss Beatrice Curtis Brown, a versatile writer, who now adds to her biography of 1929 a selection of Anne's letters. These Letters, together with Miss Brown's valuable expositions, give an insight into "the temper and counsel" of Anne's mind. They also form a handy skeleton picture in which the political and diplomatic events of her time may be seen in due proportion.

Anne had all the unpicturesque but essential virtues. She was honest. She was loyal. She had a sense of responsibility. She was moderate. She was stoical. She was a careful housekeeper. Like her people, she was given to self-depreciation, which was mistaken for weakness. But she sometimes used it as a weapon and, by transferring the emphasis to her own frailties, gained her point without embittering her opponent. She stood for what Mr. MacDonald later called "the inevitability of gradualness." She could adopt the ungainly postures of compromise, which are essential to the working of our constitution. She could preserve by a seemingly muddle-headed obstinacy prerogatives which her grandfather had lost by more dignified tactics. Whether her inability to "say much for herself" was due to stupidity or to wisdom, it was equivalent in some ways to statesmanship. And her silences, purposeful or involuntary, gave in factious times at least an appearance of impartiality and restraint.

Anne was successively influenced by her sister Mary of Orange, by Sarah, by Godolphin and Marlborough, by Oxford and by Bolingbroke. The Letters prove beyond doubt, first, that she

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THE BODLEY HEAD

was reluctant to part with her advisers and secondly, that no one of them ever held complete sway over her mind. She declined to give up Sarah at Mary's bidding (Letter of February 8th, 1692). She declined at Sarah's bidding to change her good opinion of Masham (July 18th, 1707) and of Harley ("Early September," 1707). She refused to change an appointment at Oxford's suggestion (August 21st, 1713). She declined to give Marlborough an (unprecedented) Captaincy-General for life, but she did not dismiss him until he forced his own dismissal by publicly opposing the Peace. She did not dismiss Oxford until one of his own friends thought him "decayed." Nor, on her death-bed, did she allow Bolingbroke to inherit fully Oxford's powers. She confirmed to Sarah, at parting, a grant of £14,000 from the Privy Purse and gave Godolphin a pension of £4,000 a year. She confined her prerogative mainly to choosing "her servants." On the whole she chose them wisely both in Church and State—moderate men who could be trusted to uphold authority but to do it in a disinterested and tolerant way. Her policy was to be above party. She tried always to have a "broad-bottomed" Ministry. "All I desire is my liberty in encouraging and employing all those that concur faithfully in my service, whether they are called Whigs or Tories." Her motive was the personal fear of falling into the power of one party. But her attitude gave the nation the benefit of a coalition of widely differing talents, some suited to war and some to peace.

As might be expected in a work of this kind, there are a few misprints. In the Letter of June 14th, 1705, the omission of the word "him" obscures a clause which reads in the original: "I would have *him* let him have some other (post)." In the Letter of January 7th, 1709 "but" is in error for "that" in the second sentence, and in the Letter of January 7th, 1713 "us" is in error for "you" in the third paragraph. In the main, however, Anne is indebted to the skill of Miss Brown's translations and the orthodoxy of her editing.

LESLIE BISHOP

NEW POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO POPE

Pope's Own Miscellany. Edited, with an Introduction by NORMAN AULT. *Nonesuch Press.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

It has grown exceedingly rare for any addition to be made to the works of a major English poet, but that is what Mr. Ault has, in effect, done. His book is a reprint of the almost unknown 1717 Miscellany from which Professor Case had, in 1924, reprinted eleven poems of Pope's. Mr. Ault, in his Introduction, gives the arguments for believing that Pope edited the Miscellany, and that a further twenty-two poems are his.

Nor are the poems without interest or aesthetic importance. At least one, a translation of Malherbe, seems to me to rank with the best of Pope's early work. A great many of the poems are songs and lyrics, and show Pope's handling of the non-couplet metres—and in doing so suggest fresh possibilities for an analysis of his technique. The whole group gives an added weight to Pope's early period, and shows the full strength of the seventeenth-century influence and tradition to which he was subjected; they make his classicism appear more definitely a deliberate and intellectual choice, less the acceptance of a rigid imposed aesthetic.

Unfortunately, in presenting us with this mass of new poetry, Mr. Ault has been slightly too ready to adopt the attitude rather of the advocate than of the scientist. Like many other brilliant scholars, he is content to state a case rather than give us the result of experiments, and above all of check experiments. No doubt it is far more interesting and exciting that a poem should be by Pope than not, but that is perhaps an additional reason why all possible doubts should be set at rest.

It is a pity that Mr. Ault's most frequent form of proof should be the quotation of parallel passages between the new poems and the works of Pope. When, as in the admirable translation from Malherbe, we have the lines:

> As children birds, so men their bliss pursue,
> Still out of reach, tho' ever in their view,

—lines unjustified by anything in the French, it is impossible to doubt Pope's authorship; the parallel is one of his most striking and characteristic couplets. But not all Mr. Ault's similarities are as striking as this.

When it is remembered how readily eighteenth-century poets borrowed phrases and ideas from their contemporaries, or from

the dead—and above all from the classics—it is arguable that only a very close similarity is evidence. There is some doubt also about the numerous parallels drawn between the new poems and the Homer, since Mr. Ault has for some reason not told us how far the phrases quoted are close translations—or imitations and borrowings from Dryden or other earlier poets. Incidentally, it is surely a fact of some importance that Broome and Fenton were able to imitate Pope's style, in the *Odyssey*, so closely that their work cannot be told from his by internal evidence.

Some of the poems raise questions which Mr. Ault can doubtless answer, but serious enough to have deserved some mention in his Introduction. The new Pastoral, *Palaemon*, does not read very like Pope's—it is much less visual—and has a quatrain close, an irregularity, which Pope nowhere admitted. In attributing the lines on the portrait of Mrs. Catherine L—— Mr. Ault is perhaps a trifle disingenuous when he dwells on Pope's knowledge of the technique of painting: I do not think he was ever as technical as Prior is in the second Canto of Alma. It is a pity that Mr. Ault could not identify the lady, for it is not clear who of Pope's friends she could have been; she is also one of the rare female characters who appear in his works without a Graeco-Roman pseudonym.

The most serious biographical consequence of the discoveries is that Pope wrote an anonymous panegyric on himself; certainly no one can say that he was incapable of doing so. But—consistently with the view that Pope was disguising his hand—the parallels are by no means striking. For instance, Mr. Ault quotes the opening lines of the poem:

> When first thy Muse, in tuneful rural strains,
> Sung *Windsor's* forests, and her flow'ry plains,

and from Windsor Forest:

> My humble Muse, in unambitious Strains,
> Paints the green Forests, and the flow'ry Plains.

But the resemblance is hardly greater than that of the opening lines of Hughes' poem to Pope:

> O thou, who with a happy genius born,
> Can'st tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
> Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays.

One of the most striking of the new poems is a short song, in a swinging lyric metre quite unlike anything Pope ever wrote: if he was the author our notions of his metrical powers and methods would be seriously changed. But to me the metre sounds curiously short and unsatisfied; it is very odd indeed of Pope not to have given it a rounder and more regular turn. And the parallels are not very convincing here. For instance, Mr. Ault quotes the stanza:

> Swain when I prove
> False to thy love,
> All the wing'd nation no more shall sing,
> No leaf shall shoot,
> Winds shall be mute,
> And not a murmur heard in the spring!

and parallels it almost exactly from Autumn with the same sequence of birds, winds, woods and streams. But it is doubtful if this is a choice out of "all the permutations and combinations offered by objects in the cosmos" when it is only made from the far narrower field of objects in the classical poetic convention; Broome, in his Pastoral to Townshend, picked on woods, winds and streams as a combination without being called a plagiarist. And though the line "Bright as the sun, and as the sun common" has a certain similarity to the lines in the *Rape of the Lock*:

> Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike,
> And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike,

it is in some ways closer to:

> Bright as the day, and, like the morning, fair,
> Such Chloe is—and common as the air.

Considering the number of lyrics of this kind that Lansdowne actually wrote, it might have been a trifle more convincing if Mr. Ault had discussed his claims to this particular poem.

The book is one that every student and admirer of Pope will wish to possess. Both this discovery and various references in the Introduction hold out the highest promises for Mr. Ault's forthcoming edition of Pope's miscellaneous poems. Perhaps with that ampler space Mr. Ault will consider settling the various secondary difficulties that arise in his attributions, and will consider adopting a more rigorous method of proof to match the accuracy and width of his learning.

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NEW NOVELS

School Tie. By IAN MILLER. *Newnes.* 7s. 6d.
Ollie Miss. By GEORGE WYLIE HENDERSON. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.
The Seven Arms. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
The Royalists. By KARL FEDERN. Transl. by ERIC SUTTON. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.
Scenes from the Life of Cleopatra. By MARY BUTTS. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Summervale. By JAMES KENWARD. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

Who writes the " blurb " of a modern novel? The publishers themselves in solemn conclave? Or, as I have from time to time suspected, is the composition of these guileless but gushing paragraphs farmed out to some particularly diligent office-boy? Certainly, if the publishers of Mr. Ian Miller's entertaining novel had searched high and low, they could scarcely have found a more inopportune method of recommending his book to the notice of the reader. The title was, no doubt, the author's mistake; but, since the story starts off with that disadvantage, it is a great pity that the publishers should have done their best to drive home the completely erroneous impression that the title may leave behind. Here " at last " (exclaims the blurb)—how often, every month, does a book for which the public has long and eagerly been waiting " at last " make its appearance!—here " at last " is a school-story " written by a man, and not by an abnormal flower " . . . No prize is offered to the critic who identifies the flower in question—though why that much-traduced bloom should be described as " abnormal " I cannot hope to guess—but the phrase is, incidentally, quite misleading. There is nothing truculent about the manner of *School Tie*. It is a simply written, completely untendentious narrative.

School Tie is an account of a boy's development, from the day he enters a great Scottish public school till the day he leaves it. Angus Menzies is not a complicated character. He is very " normal." But then, normality, after all, is a matter of degree; and it would be difficult to imagine a more abnormal and irrational state of society than the little world in which the most normal specimens of well-to-do old-school-tie-wearing British or Scottish manhood are privileged to grow up. Mr. Miller's narrative is doubly illuminating because, although it deals with the career of a boy who enjoyed school, it does not minimise the oddity of the public-school background. What fantastic reading such a volume may afford in a hundred years' time! During the eighteenth century, children and adolescents were still regarded as immature men and women, were dressed in smaller replicas of adult modes, and were encouraged to develop as rapidly as possible. To-day, nineteenth-century tradition and modern sentimentalism have familiarised us with a race of children who are conscious of themselves as children—why should Christopher Robin forgo his winsomeness?—and of adolescents who inhabit a primitive world apart. The ritual of the savage tribe and the discipline of the monastery have combined to produce the atmosphere of the public school.

Studied from a dispassionate point of view, Mr. Miller's account of life at a Scottish public school—Sinclair, which stands in the purlieus of Edinburgh—is as fascinating as the anthropologist's description of life among some remote neolithic people on whom the twin stars of trader and missionary have not yet shone. During his first few days at Sinclair, Angus Menzies is reduced to a condition of dejected but reverential bewilderment by the number of tabus—chiefly sartorial—which confront him at every turn. Thus, he has presumed to walk home from the football-field with his sweater knotted around his neck. He has dared, in the changing-room, to tuck his sweater inside his belt. . . . But Angus is not easily cowed; indeed, his hardihood earns him the reputation of being " absolutely full of gall "; and, as the terms go by, he climbs, smoothly yet unsensationally, into a position in which he himself becomes the repository, and enforcer, of tribal law. . . . All this is related without comment or so much as a shade of adverse criticism; though Mr. Miller, I feel, would be prepared to admit that the system of sexual segregation, that kept poor Angus in a state of itching innocence to his seventeenth year and beyond, might be reformed on slightly more rational lines. Yet he looks back to Sinclair with deep affection; he claims that it was a splendid forcing-ground of " ordinary chaps." Well, well; Mr. Miller is possibly right; but it seems an extravagant method of instilling the virtues of social conformity.

School Tie is a plainly and, now and then, a rather clumsily written book; yet, on the whole, it makes more entertaining reading than the average first novel. *Ollie Miss* is ambitious but unsuccessful. Here is a story about American negroes in the South that will appeal to the great band of perfervid negro-lovers who like to regard every coloured man or woman as the possessor of a simplicity, directness and strength of untamed passion nowadays almost unknown in our etiolated Western universe. Ollie Miss is a universal figure; and there are some of us who are apt to find these universal figures, with their woolly heads among the stars and their splay feet planted firmly on mother earth, just as tedious as any sophisticated *femme fatale*. Ollie Miss is all for her man; and, when Jule has failed her and she has renounced him, for the unborn child that she carries in her womb. Uncle Alex promises her a plot of ground; mother-love and land-hunger are at once satisfied.

The realistic portions of *Ollie Miss*—for example, the dialogue—are extremely good; but his romantic trend—as I have attempted to indicate—leads the novelist astray. One type of romanticism is required to appreciate Mr. Henderson's novel; but quite a different type is necessary for the proper enjoyment of Mr. L. A. G. Strong's new book, *The Seven Arms*. Unluckily, it is a type of romanticism that I myself happen not to possess. Romantic literature may be classified either as the kind of romanticism that approaches reality from an unexpected and stimulating angle, or as the romanticism that offers an escape from life; and it is to the last category that *The Seven Arms* seems to belong. Here is dream-stuff, cleverly compounded. In the first chapter we are introduced to three children, staying with their uncle, the laird's gamekeeper, in a part of Scotland where only Gaelic is spoken. The gamekeeper is at odds with the local tenantry; the scene is laid a hundred years ago. And, from this point, we are precipitated into a wild series of alarums and excursions, which reach the height of melodrama when Jeanie—flaming-haired madcap that she is—follows her beloved uncle to the Napoleonic Wars. . . .

The Royalists and *Scenes from the Life of Cleopatra* are historical novels; both are interesting, but neither of them is a work of very great importance. Neither Miss Butts nor Herr Federn has that excessively rare gift of enabling us to see the past arrayed in all the urgency and drama of the present moment without sacrificing the characteristics of a vanished period. *The Royalists*,

Light up, then settle down—to that long slow smoke which steadies the scurry of the daily round, sends worry flying on puffs of smoke, sets fancy building castles in the smoke clouds . . . Balkan Sobranie glowing in your favourite briar . . . all things aglow . . . You look at a different world through the smoke rings of Balkan Sobranie.

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which describes the Royalist revolt in the Vendée from 1789 onward, is vivid and often exciting; but it suffers by comparison with the memoirs of actual participants in that heroic but ill-fated struggle; while *Cleopatra* somehow fails to come alive. She is half an amorous legend, half a definite historical personage; and Miss Butts wavers gracefully between the two.

For a fantasy, *Summervale* is somewhat long-drawn. Suppose (suggested Mr. David Garnett one memorable day) your wife were to turn into a fox; and, with great justice and an almost lyrical lucidity, he proceeded to show us exactly what would happen. Imagine (says Mr. James Kenward) that a respectable city man were to be transmogrified into the aspect of a dog. . . . Mr. Kenward makes the most of the situation; but the standard he has set himself is too exacting—the fantasy fails to carry us along. Stevenson is a decent dog, a decorous dog; but he is prone to discover a taint of whimsy on every lamp-post.

PETER QUENNELL

A PROPHET OF REASON

Quack! Quack! By LEONARD WOOLF. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Matthew Arnold was not a natural optimist, but having been born in 1822 he was able to write—

> Charge once more, then, and be dumb.
> Let the victors, when they come,
> When the forts of folly fall,
> Find thy body by the wall!

The forts of folly are no longer on the defensive, and the besiegers have themselves been encircled. Ferocity and superstition are as old as humanity, but in the past it has been unusual to boast of these qualities. Hypocrisy is the tribute paid by vice to virtue, but to-day even this tribute is withheld. And the believer in Sweetness and Light is reduced to lamentation:

> Woe is me now! For my soul is wearied because of murderers. A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land. The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests rule in their name.

Behind Mr. Leonard Woolf's scornful logic the reader feels an indignation very like that of Jeremiah. He attacks both rulers and the prophets who justify their enormities, the Clerks, as M. Benda calls them, who have betrayed their calling. He shows how official doctrines and practices in Germany, Italy and Russia resemble those of primitive or backward peoples; Hitler and Mussolini, Spengler and Keyserling, Bergson and Radakrishnan are exposed in all their intellectual destitution. One agrees. One admires. One enjoys. But to meet such beliefs as theirs with argument seems like fighting poison-gas with a sword. These superstitions have prevailed by appealing to the barbarian still so strong in what is called civilised man. And since man is still so far from being predominantly rational, we must seek to enlist his emotions on the side of reason. Mr. Woolf says that in this country people have an "irrational feeling" about the Princess Margaret Rose—which is no doubt true, since there is no cause to suppose that she is different from other little girls. But you do not obliterate an irrational feeling merely by pointing out that it is irrational. Kings (who were gods before they were generals or statesmen) have now again become numinous and little else. The "irrational feelings" they inspire are uncivilised, but evidently pleasurable; you can abolish them only by understanding them and putting something in their place. And you must be sure that the substitute is preferable. At present the devil has almost all the best tunes: dictatorships satisfy the emotions, democracies appeal merely to common sense.

In this age the most notable advance achieved by human reason has consisted in a fuller understanding of human unreasonableness. Indeed, as Mr. Woolf points out, the Germany which burns Freud's books, by doing so confirms some of his hypotheses. The opinions which *Quack! Quack!* attacks are not really directed at the reason, and no believer in reason can be deluded by them. What is required therefore is less an exposure of Nazism as unscientific bosh than an explanation of the psychological reasons for its success, and some indication of how a social system based upon reason can satisfy the irrational needs of its members.

Mr. Woolf suggests that what destroys an advanced society is "the refusal of the minority to share civilisation and its advantages with the majority. They choose to open the gates to barbarism rather than to the majority." This explanation does not seem to me adequate, whether applied to the collapse of the Roman Empire or to contemporary Europe. Rationalists like Mr. Woolf, who find emotional satisfaction in art, disinterested curiosity and personal relations, incline to underestimate the emotional requirements of the majority. The cult of reason provokes by its insufficiency a reaction, a society dominated by a Voltaire falls an easy prey to a Rousseau. Indeed it seems possible that the healthy intellectual scepticism which Mr. Woolf advocates has a low survival-value. He is right when he declares:

> It requires no little courage to stand up in the face of the universe and say: "I do not know. I do not know what you mean. I do not understand this circus of the heavens. I see no meaning in this procession of the stars, in the senseless motion of the sun, in the earth and the moon, in my life or the life of the earthworm in my back garden. I can find no place for and no explanation of my life or my mind in this fantastic universe."

But this courage, however admirable, is socially ineffective. And Mr. Woolf implicitly admits this when he writes—

> A true belief is little more than a stepping stone to something else; it keeps the mind fluid, volatile; it sets it riding off on new adventures. . . . It is our false beliefs which we always feel to be most important; indeed it is only the false beliefs which we promote to the sanctity of absolute truths, for which we are prepared to die and still more willingly to burn the unbelievers.

Lacking the readiness to kill and die for his beliefs, feeling inevitably somewhat sceptical about scepticism itself, the rationalist has no defence against the fanatic. For there is no good reason to believe that truth will automatically prevail.

Quack! Quack! is trenchant, lively and admirably argued; Mr. Woolf writes of Reason with the passion and eloquence of a lover. His book will no doubt appeal only to the converted; but these it will inspire to attack the forts of folly with renewed and more ardent determination.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE NEW COSMOLOGY

Science and the Human Temperament. Professor E. SCHRÖDINGER. Foreword by LORD RUTHERFORD. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The old question, Is Saul among the prophets? will soon cease to have any point. The realists—the men who were determined to leave human wish and weakness behind and see the outer world as it really is—have nearly all become idealists—men who confess that mind is inextricably mixed with matter. When our Jeans and Eddington suggested that, so fast was progressive Physics, we should soon all find ourselves back at Berkeley, social diagnosticians talked of "the triumph of barbarism and religion." But home-grown prophets are always at a discount. Eddington therefore in that vigorous come-back *New Pathways in Science* headed the chapter on The Decline of Determinism with quotations from Planck, Born, Bohr and Weyl to show that it was not Quaker fears or hopes of English "honours" which had made the physicist warn the public to move on, for the comfortable seat made by classical physics was going to be taken away. The chief importance of Professor Schrödinger's book is the fact that he adds his voice to the many other authorities who would tell us that a new age is here. We have lived to see anthropomorphism finally liquidated, elucidated. But we must not, cannot rest there. Under our eyes mechanomorphism—which formed in the place of anthropomorphism—is in its turn being dissolved. Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven image of reality, whether in form of man or machine. It is a hard commandment to obey, but needs must when truth drives. How much man has really involved himself even in his Physics is shown in Professor Schrödinger's eight essays which range from "Science, Art and Play" to "The Fundamental Idea of Wave Mechanics." "Science, a Fashion of the Times?" "What is a Law of Nature?" "Physical Science and the Temper of the Age"; such chapter headings show the line of his thought, and perhaps some of his most interesting illustrations are those in which he shows how a fruitful experiment such as Grimaldi's in the seventeenth century with light has remained disregarded because the current of thought was setting away from such facts. These essays will help toward clearing our minds on the foundations of science, and they will also serve to introduce to English lay readers one of the framers of the new cosmology. England has gained by the wind of ill-will which has cast out so many of Germany's great minds—perhaps Professor Schrödinger is the greatest of these gains. It is pleasant to think that this book, written to interest the ordinary man, must make him known to a large public here who realise that England is honoured by being able to give hospitality to such a mind, and who are therefore all the more glad that he should be able to explain to them the main trend of his thought.

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> I have not filled up my pages with the jargon of Freud and Jung, because, in my opinion, their patter is mostly the bemused maunderings of slightly abnormal male individuals of a foreign race, whose introspective data do not tally with the straightforward, clean, comparatively single reactions of the Anglo-Saxon or Celtic stock mainly composing our England.

British marriages are best, but even so there is a good deal wrong with them. She attacks the twin bed, which provides all the inconveniences of intimacy without the consolations. She does not add the final argument that one cannot bang out of the room in a temper if one lives in a four-poster, while separate beds or bedrooms enable the sun to go down on one's wrath and sleeping alone, in any case, gives one indigestion. I should like to add my recipe for married happiness, "whenever you can, read at meals."

Her attitude to pre-conjugal experience is perhaps old-world:

> The young man is entitled to test the strength and durability of character of the girl or the woman to whom he will give the keys of his home and heart. If without marriage she will yield to him he is entitled to deduce that she would yield to another.

So the engagement had better be broken off! But if she marries him, should he not deduce that she may just as easily marry someone else, now she knows the way? What a dilemma!

She tackles admirably the really weak spot in modern marriage. That it is still a privilege of the rich. Marriage, still loaded with all the tabus of Victorian middle-class prosperity, is unattainable to the great majority of young people in their twenties and early thirties, at the time when they most need it, because under present conditions they cannot afford a wife, a maid, and a house. Mrs. Stopes finds fault with companionate-marriage, because it has no implication of permanency and advocates "non-domestic" marriage, in which the young people marry but keep their jobs, continue to live separately, or with their parents, and spend the week-ends and holidays together. Their sexual life is thus legalised, while responsibilities which they cannot face are postponed. Later they will be able to set up house and have children, in the meantime they are united yet protected. The only objection I can see to this is that it costs a good deal even to go away for the week-end, but it seems the only plan which makes marriage more worth while than the shifts and exigencies of living in sin. In fact, it enables young people to become members of the married club without paying the enormous entrance fee.

Mrs. Stopes also attacks the State: (1) for making it difficult for married women legally to retain their maiden names; (2) for imposing a marriage tax in the form of taxing married couples higher than other people who share a house—brothers, sisters, or dwellers in sin. It is surprising that she has been able to enlist so little support in her efforts to eradicate an anomaly which affects almost everyone.

She also explains the injustices in the marriage and divorce laws, injustices which everyone acknowledges and many people suffer from, but which remain permanently unredressed. It is a characteristic of our civilisation that there have never been so many subjects, war, education, divorce, capital punishment, on which a moment's honest thought leads so many intelligent people to the same conclusions, and yet never a time when the value of intelligent people's honest thought counted for less. How many of our judges, politicians and newspaper peers will the next generation not find frankly certifiable?

Meanwhile, we owe an enormous debt to Marie Stopes, a woman who must have more than doubled the pleasure of more than half the population and who by establishing woman's right to equal sexual pleasure with man, has gone far to eradicate man's conception of his sexual and hence social and legal superiority, the cause of so much unhappiness to women, and so much anguish, uneasiness, loneliness, and vanity, to Casanovas like ourselves.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

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HIS ENGLAND

England. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. *Arrowsmith.* 5s.

Mr. Jerrold has a neat, clear, antithetical style, and shares Macaulay's talent for disguising loose thinking in sharply phrased language. Much of the destructive criticism of this political essay is excellent, whether he is discussing past or present; but there are no signs in the book that Mr. Jerrold has any suspicion that truth is an obstinate jade who cannot be controlled by the whip of an epigrammatic formula. To take first his account of the past. It is full of contradictions; and his chief tactics, when he is confronted by an awkward problem, is to march boldly up to it, look it severely in the face, and then take a sharp turn to the Right, leaving the problem precisely where it was. To take a few obvious instances. He never distinguishes between "race" and "nation"; and in consequence misses the importance of that distinction in any history of England, or indeed of Europe. He finds "the beginnings of a catastrophic decline in the prestige of the monarchy" and "open revolt against the authority of the Church" in the reigns of Edward II and Edward III, a view which argues a curious ignorance of the days of William Rufus, and the chronicler's language about the time of Stephen, "when God and His Saints seemed to sleep." In discussing the Lollards he stigmatises their persecution, and the penalty of burning as "the beginning of an evil thing"—but before the Lollards, there were the persecutions of the Albigenses and the Cathari, which might have given him his parallel to "the atrocious persecutions in our own times in Russia or in Mexico"—or in Germany. Coming to nearer times, Mr. Jerrold informs his readers that "the Factory Acts were the creation of sentimental Tories watching with a distaste more aesthetic than intellectual the ugly features of the age of steam"; and declares that "what has mattered in the long run to the heirs of the Victorian age is not its virtue, which was great, but its thought, which was impotent." I do not suppose any historian has before called Shaftesbury an aesthete, and Mr. Jerrold is blind to the truth that the quarrel over the factories was a conflict between ethics and economics—Mrs. Gaskell, for instance, was inspired by a moral fervour, which Mr. Jerrold would presumably contemptuously call "her heart." He has a great distaste for this organ, though appeals to it are sanctioned by authorities he is bound to respect. On inspection, his judgment on

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Victorian virtue and Victorian thought can be seen for the nonsense it is. It is a fine example of that confused thinking which characterises the book. No great virtue is possible to impotent thought, and no thought is impotent if the virtue of the thinker be great. Even if we accept the false antithesis of "virtue" and "thought," has Victorian virtue not mattered to us at all? To what else are due the changes in child-labour, in factory-life, in the position of women?

It is worth noticing that, in his attacks on capitalism, on the degradation of culture under industrialism, Mr. Jerrold avoids any discussion of the work of either Ruskin or Morris—but then he probably thinks of Ruskin as a sentimental follower of Carlyle, with a taste for pretty pictures. If he would study him, he would have to reconsider his verdict that Victorian thought was impotent, unless indeed he is willing to fasten that epithet on to his own thought which owes all of the value it has to imperfect recollections of Ruskinian doctrine.

After the historical sketch, the "contemporary survey." It is hard to discover from what spur or crag Mr. Jerrold is surveying. He is opposed to Socialism and Fascism. He is against State Capitalism and Communism. He does not appear to favour Mr. Chesterton's Distributism, Major Douglas's Social Credit proposals, or any recognisable brand of Tory philosophy. He ends with the admirable sentiment that "the unrestricted exercise of power may be beneficent in its intentions, but will always be evil in its results"; but there is an occasional word in praise of the results of dictatorship. He is against great combinations and for the small man; but makes no clear statement of what system will help the small man. In this survey, as in the historical sketch, Mr. Jerrold's confusion of mind is exemplified by contradictions, and unproven dogmatic assertions—"Men of courage and character such as Mustapha Kemal have a limitless power over events"—so we return to Carlyle, of Victorian infamy and impotence, and the great doctrine of heroes. And again, Hitler's apparent triumph has taught "the politicians" that "men of courage and decision have a limitless power over events." One would have thought that any author, with the Danzig elections so recent, would have added an "almost" to his bold "limitless." Again, "the future of Austria may lie in union with Germany, or in the restoration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. No third result is either possible or desirable." What we desire we may say; but what is possible? Who can be certain that the next important bloc in Europe may not be a combination of Italy, Poland and Austria? On page 219, we are told that "pacifism also reflects the national dislike of an island people for 'foreigners.' Our fear of war is not based on a dislike of fighting someone else, but on a determination not to fight on someone else's behalf"; fourteen pages further on Mr. Jerrold writes of the "pacifists, whose zest for continental entanglements and aggressive manoeuvres is still unsatisfied," and argues that if they get their way we shall mix "ourselves up in every European quarrel."

Slowly it emerges, as one reads this essay, that Mr. Jerrold never thinks in terms of men and women, only in terms of theory and of formal logic. One passage gives the clue to his weakness.

> The real difficulty of forming any even rough estimate of the present security of our position, our social and cultural ideals, our moral standards, and so on lies in this certainty, that the system is not static. Of all its defects that, in the view of many sympathetic observers, is the most serious.

"Sympathetic" the observer may be, stupid he undoubtedly is. How can any system be static, which has for organiser and material alike that essentially unstable thing, human nature? Remote as he may be in political ideals, Mr. Jerrold's philosophy of life is fundamentally akin to those Victorians who foisted on us "the economic man," or to those theologians, mostly of the Reformation, who refused to sully their dogmatics with any kind of moral theology or any system of casuistry. Of course "our position" is not static: how could it be otherwise? When will our political controversialists learn that the only perfectly regulated life, the only completely static position, is the ordained privilege not of the living, but of the dead?

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The rise to personal success more than once in the early stages nearly ended in disaster, but luck, cheek, tenacity, an amazing flair, and, of course, the guardian angel of Cherkley Court in the background, pulled him through. Considering the energy of mind and body with which he flung himself into the adventure his detachment is notable. He dismisses the free insurance ramp for the silly thing it was. Granted the premises on which he went to work—and that is granting a mouthful—one must wholeheartedly admire the spirit, the abandon, of it. His judgments, like those of his newspaper, are often over-confident, over-emphatic and based on the lightest of evidence; but likewise they are often shrewd, and never indecisive. Every journalist is bound to find this record interesting, and the outside reader hardly less, for what he loses in lack of interest in the technique of the racket he will gain in learning for the first time a few entertaining secrets of that queer borderland of trust and intrigue that lies half way between Fleet Street and Downing Street. The portrait of Lord Beaverbrook is done in strokes alternately savage and caressing. "Smite and spare not" might be Baxter's motto. He certainly does not spare himself. Any man who could have survived the fantastic episode of resigning from the *Express* to take a £77,000 contract with a rival concern and then going back to the *Express*, all within a week, must have a special star shining for him somewhere. And Baxter did not merely survive the episode, he prospered by it. Make what you can of such a fellow.

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These ten detective stories would all seem good if read on a hot lawn or in the Cornish Riviera express. Even a nursing home would not be a bad place for the medical items, *Murder Without Weapon* and *The Doctors Are Doubtful*, when the effect of the anaesthetic was wearing off. I cannot believe that any of them gave much trouble to write, and they certainly are no trouble to read, but in a busy world few will be able to spare the time for more than one or two.

In the absence of outstanding merit we must fall back on more humdrum grounds for making a choice, such as author, style, excitement, setting or plot. In the author is generally included his *alter ego*, the detective, and of these familiar combinations: *Death of a Beauty Queen* offers Punshon-cum-Bobby-Owen, *Dr. Tancred Begins* the Coles-cum-Wilson-cum-Dr. Tancred, and *The Doctors Are Doubtful* Weymouth-cum-Treadgold. As far as style can be said to go, the first three on the list and *As Strange A Maze* are in the American vernacular and the rest in English. The test for excitement only yields *Darker Grows The Valley*. The settings are of familiar types (and when all other choice fails how loyal one can be to one's favourite in that department!); the Gorgeous Tropics figure in *Twenty-Five Sanitary Inspectors* and *As Strange A Maze*, the Sordid Suburbs in *Death of a Beauty Queen;* Mr. Patrick produces the solitary example of my particular idol, the Grand Country House Party; *The Clue of the Forgotten Murder* hands out the Gangster Stuff; Hospital Death (a comparative newcomer) can be followed out in *Murder Without Weapon* or *The Doctors Are Doubtful*, while the Coles take the line of least resistance in The Lonely House On The Cornish Cliffs. *Rope By Arrangement* stands in the separate category of the Novel About A Crime, with a faint aroma of detection clinging to some of the pages.

For plot no award is made. Not a single writer has managed to be ingenious without being fantastic, or plausible without being obvious, and several are both obvious and fantastic.

After this elementary classification some of the works deserve more detailed criticism. Mr. Patrick shows a preference for *oratio recta* in his novels which is justified by the vivid narrative style he commands. He is incapable of writing a dull chapter. But he has chosen in *Darker Grows the Valley* a sequence of sadistic murders among the buzzards and racoons of New England in which the excitement of the physical events is in sad contrast to the banal psychology of the conclusion. Mr. Patrick loses his inspiration once he begins looking up his subject in text-books. Mr. Means Davis in *Murder Without Weapon* continues the hospital career of Matt Higgins, the detective he employed so successfully in *The Hospital Murders*, but the combination has lost the gloss of novelty and gains nothing by repetition. The intriguing title requires for its explanation an appendix containing an extract from a medical journal, but that does not excuse Mr. Davis for putting an interesting medical phenomenon to the preposterous uses of this story. *Twenty-Five Sanitary Inspectors* is another case of a striking title being employed as camouflage to a weak plot. The sanitary inspectors in question are only part of the exotic background against which Mr. East murders a Central American millionaire in very trite fashion.

Mr. Punshon, who flaunts the distinction conferred on him by Miss Dorothy L. Sayers on the dust cover of every volume he publishes, will hardly gain further laurels with *Death of A Beauty Queen*. Bobby Owen gets stupider with every case he appears to solve, and it is not encouraging to a reader, however truthful it may be, to be told that the detective is "really rather dense" but shows at times "an odd capacity for blundering on the truth." But, to do Bobby justice, the solution of the murder of a suburban beauty queen in her impresario's office by any process of reasoning or deduction would have been odder still.

Dr. Tancred Begins and shows every sign of going on as long as the patience of a long-suffering public will permit. "A tall, impressive figure, big-built without the smallest tendency to fatness, and obviously very strong." And, as you might guess, he has a big head too, with shaggy brown hair, which he carries a little forward and on one side as he walks. But he is obviously not very strong in the head if his conduct of his first case is a fair sample of his future achievement. In an analysis of the case in one of the last chapters the various suspects are all passed in review and Big Ben "washes out" one after another for no better reason than the fact that he judges them incapable of such a crime as poisoning an unpleasant old man whom they all disliked. His pathetic inability to bring home the murder is accentuated by the glaring conspicuousness of the guilty party, who has been staring the reader and Big Ben in the face from the first.

Real criminals, although regrettably chary of leaving clues about, can stimulate the deductive capacities more in twenty pages than those of fiction in three hundred. That must be the conclusion of anyone who reads *Great Unsolved Crimes* after a bout of novelists. There are forty-one crimes analysed in 351 pages by famous detective writers and Scotland Yard detectives. They were not all unsolved, but it was the task of the contributors to offer an alternative solution in cases where a jury reached a different conclusion. Thus Miss Delafield, out of sheer feminism I cannot help feeling, tries to exonerate Mrs. Thompson in the Thompson-Bywaters case, and Francis Iles is convinced that Mrs. Crippen was killed by accident. One of the most pleasing solutions is that of Mr. J. D. Beresford for the Reading Murder. He suggests that the murderer was the gentleman whom Rouse took for a ride. I strongly recommend the book to everyone interested in crime, and particularly to all detective authors who might learn from its sane but startling pages how murder *can* be perpetrated.

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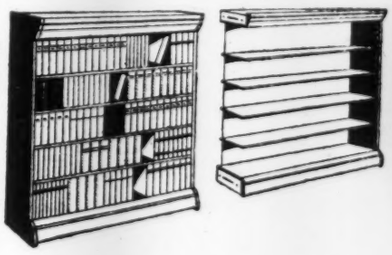

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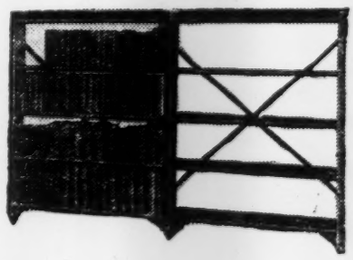

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although a writer of a certain importance in his own day, is now forgotten; whatever the value of his other works may be, no reader of the present volume can deny his intelligence as a critic of this country. He complains of the discomfort of our museums and art galleries, and even eighty years later there are still many who would agree that their amenities are far from perfect. His admiration of Hogarth's genius at such a period should appeal to all lovers of English painting, even if they are unable to subscribe to his description of that artist as "the only incontestable glory of a non-existent school." His account of the French and English, when he says that they are "bristling with suspicion on the slightest provocation, yet copy each other in many things, and can neither like nor hate one another whole-heartedly" could surely not be more up to date. And it is devoutly to be hoped that his comment "In a long war the English rarely win more than one round, but it is the important one—the last" will never be proved wrong. His discovery "that Her Majesty's Theatre possessed an echo that would make the fortune of any grotto!" and his reflection that "no one but ourselves seemed to notice it, which gives the measure of the musical sensibility of an English audience," cannot be unfamiliar to foreign visitors to-day who ignorantly patronise the Albert Hall. It is impossible here to detail Mr. Wey's reactions to the sights which he saw in London, Windsor, Oxford, Brighton and elsewhere, and to the various customs of the country which struck him as unusual; discerning readers will hasten to acquire Mrs. Pirie's book, which is charmingly got up and is embellished with ten attractive illustrations.

The scheme of Mr. Letts's book is less homogeneous, since it deals with the impressions of a considerable number of foreign visitors to England and Scotland, which range in date "from about 1500 to the introduction of steam transport, *c.* 1830." The volume is well illustrated by sixteen half-tone plates and contains a quantity of diverting and miscellaneous information. One traveller, writing about 1780, "reports that the sailors in Chelsea Hospital and at Greenwich, having no horses or donkeys to watch, set their lice to run races, the stakes being mugs of beer." Another, writing about the same time, expresses his surprise that the university of Oxford has only produced one great man, Locke. A third, Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella, whose *Letters from England* appeared in 1807, was actually Southey writing under a pseudonym. Mr. Letts's industry has resulted in a fascinating compilation, and both his work and Mrs. Pirie's should give pleasure and instruction to many readers.

WILLIAM KING

Week-end Competitions

No. 272

Set by T. W. Earp

The custom of providing works of fiction with an alternative title might well be revived. Its object was presumably expository as with *Moby Dick* or *The White Whale*, or mystifying as with *Eric* or *Little by Little*. In any case it gave the author the opportunity of a two-fold appeal to the public and in the first instance saved the reviewer the trouble of reading the book. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best list of alternative (and printable) titles to the following six works:

(1) *Ulysses*.
(2) *Flush*.
(3) *Brave New World*.
(4) *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.
(5) *The Good Companions*.
(6) *The Glastonbury Romance*.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 7.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 270

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for letters from two cousins written in the following circumstances: Aunt Amelia's dividends having dwindled, it becomes a family duty to invite her to stay on a prolonged visit. Her niece and nephew, Laura and Charles, write to one another, pointing this out and explaining why the other's house is the more suitable for receiving her at the moment. The letters, which cross in the post, are not more than 250 words each in length.

Report by Sylvia Lynd

There have been a great many entries for this competition and most of them have borne an almost monotonous resemblance to one another. This has been because so many of the competitors have regarded the occasion as one for a display of hostility to aunts instead of for a display of skilled hypocrisy. Hypocrisy was what I was inviting in the first place and character sketches of aunts in the second. Too many competitors have been content with mere crude cries of protest: "What a bore it is," "I know it is the most frightful curse," "I can cope with a short and sharp attack of A.A. but I shudder at the thought of a long bout," and so forth. The point was that Charles and Laura were not only trying to outwit one another, but to give a kindly and generous impression of themselves. "I'd ask her down here like a shot if it were humanly possible," is the kind of eager-hearted note I wanted struck.

As regards the aunts themselves, utterly hungry and dejected old ladies do not seem to me the sort of figures that belong to comedy. What I had in mind were temporarily embarrassed or straitened aunts of a richly flavoured kind. The kind who would insist upon taking an active interest in experiments with goldfish (as hinted at by Miss Barratt Brown) or with whom "rare political discussions" into an ear-trumpet (as prophesied by the Charles of H. C. M.) would be rare in anything except frequency. Merely passive aunts with a liking for children, pugs, cats, poodles, parrots, knitting or mending lace, do not seem to me sufficiently menacing.

However, both the right sort of aunt and the right sort of hypocrite have been discoverable among the multitude, and the readiness with which all the Charleses and Lauras have proposed to steer Aunt Amelia across London, look in on her from time to time, pop down for an occasional week-end, or ask her to stay for a short time, speaks well for the human heart. I commend the hypocrisy or/and aunts of Mrs. Hall, Mr. Nicholas, Miss Barratt Brown, H. C. M., Mr. Petter, Mr. Hay, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Nicholls, Mrs. Moses, Griselda, Mr. Newman, Mr. Upward, E. B. C. J. and Babette. After long hesitation, I divide the first prize between E. G. Petter and Griselda for their Charles and Laura respectively, who seem to me excellently slimy, and the second prize I award to Mr. Gordon Simpson for very neatly fulfilling the conditions of the case.

FIRST PRIZE (1)

MY DEAR LAURA, The Rectory, Meagreliving, Suffolk.

I have received a long letter from Aunt Amelia and, reading between the lines, I gather that, owing to the recent Conversion scheme and other troubles, her income has been greatly reduced and that she would welcome an invitation to stay from one or other of us. In many ways Margaret and I would be delighted to have her, if only for the sake of my dear mother's memory, but I do not see very well how it can be managed.

The upkeep of a big house and the responsibilities of a growing family (I believe you know that we are expecting another arrival in the autumn) do not make the lot of a country parson an easy one in these days, and the recent troubles over tithes have made matters immeasurably worse.

From what I can remember Aunt Amelia is not fond of children, while her Low-Church views would, I fear, conflict with our way of life here. All things considered, I think that it would be best if you could have her at Belsize Park. I know she has friends at Hampstead and you will doubtless find her a useful addition to your bridge parties.

I hope Eric is well and that he is going to do something to stop this horrible race in armaments. I should have liked to have seen him in the Jubilee procession, but, alas, we were up to our eyes in our own humble festivities.

With best wishes to you both, from your affectionate cousin,

Charles.

(E. G. PETTER)

FIRST PRIZE (2)

Laura to Charles.

CHARLES, DEAR,

I have been worrying for days about poor Aunt Amelia; why Uncle Edward had to tie up the money in that moribund concern I cannot imagine. Then in the middle of Julian's new ballet it suddenly came to me: why not have her to stay? When we had her last she was no trouble at all—so anxious to be helpful in the house—and we easily managed to hide the drinks so that she suspected nothing. That extra studio of yours would surely make a nice little bed-sitting room and your bungalow will just suit her heart—Bloomsbury houses are so full of stairs—and with the Church and Vicarage so near she will be

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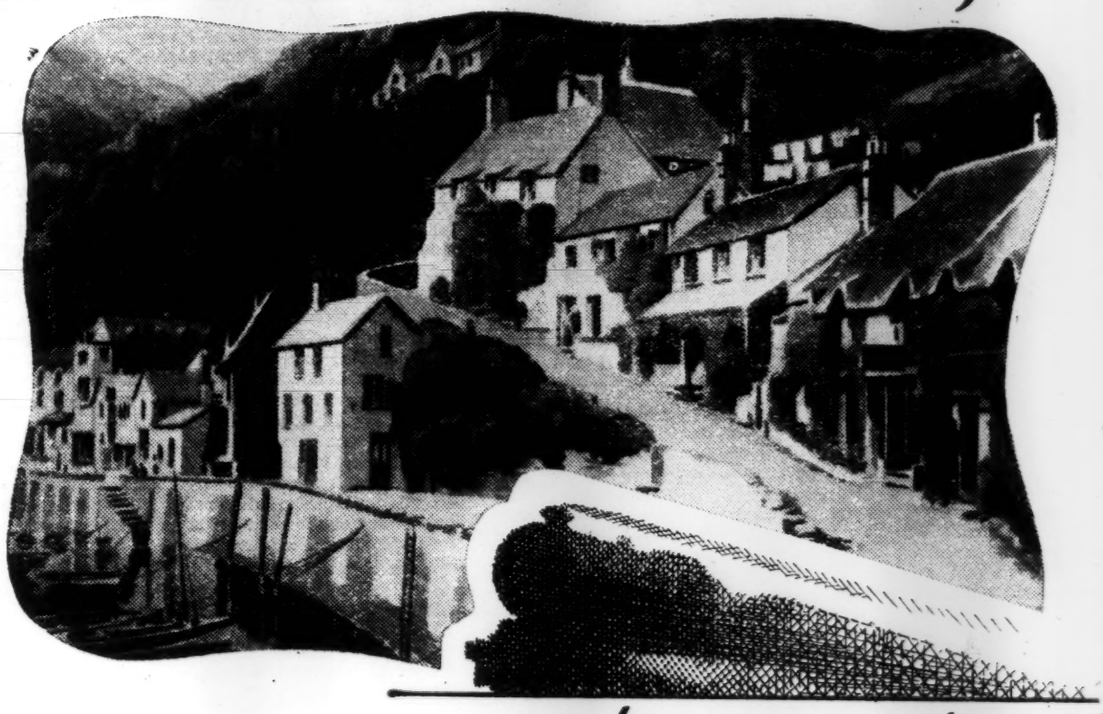

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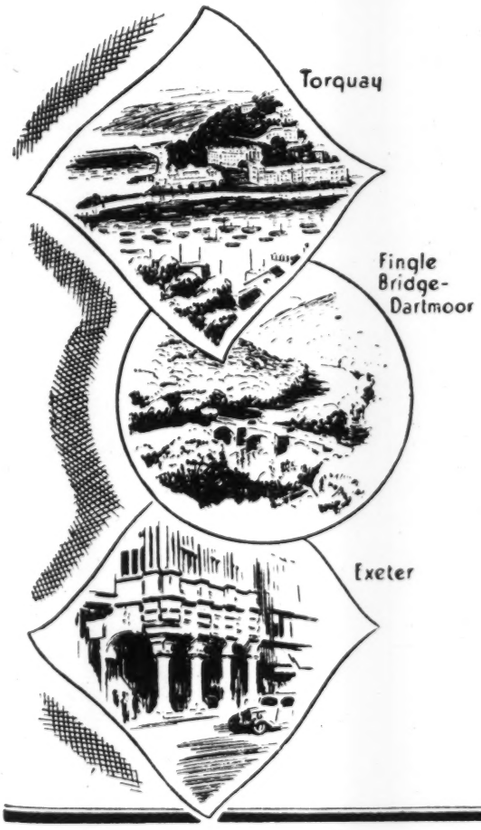

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quite at home. She will look after your health, too, and take such an interest in your work. When she was here she actually asked to correct Hubert's proofs, only of course we couldn't let her. She is so lively, too, with all her reminiscences of Browning and Gladstone, Hubert's friends used to be so entertained.

I know you will understand my not asking her myself just now. Hubert must have absolute peace to finish his book and then we still have that rather uncontrollable Communist staying with us. It wouldn't quite do. With love. Laura.

P.S.—She will want to bring Polly, I expect, but he (or is it she?) eats anything, and is really rather decorative in a Victorian way.

(GRISELDA)

SECOND PRIZE

569 Portland Place.
1st June, 1935.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

It seems that the only way of helping dear Aunt Amelia, without injury to her *amour propre*, is to ask her to stay for a visit of indefinite length. It would have been a *real joy* to me to have invited her here; a *delightful* opportunity for good long gossips about old times; and a quiet companionship for me while John is in the City or on the links. But John, as you know, cannot stand her long stories, her little grievances or her *well-meant* remarks on his frequent absences—what he calls "her damned interference." Nor does she take kindly to his breakfast manners or to his after-dinner jokes. I myself am so often playing bridge in the afternoon and engaged at night that poor dear Auntie would be left desolate, with none but her three virtuous cats for company.

You, however, were always her favourite, her blue-eyed boy of early years. Your *dear* wife Mary, too, is always so sweet to *everybody*. Your house is large enough for a regiment of aunts. So everything points to my having to surrender the housing of our nearest relative to the greater comfort and capacity of the ancestral home and to its hospitable host and hostess.

With much love to dear Mary and to my *delightful* nephews and nieces,
Ever your affectionate Cousin, Laura.

Puddleham Manor.
1st June, 1935.

MY DEAR LAURA,

Knowing the affection you have always expressed towards Aunt Amelia, I do not doubt that you have already written to offer her a home until her circumstances improve. This will suit the old lady well. In spite of her years she loves the rush of town life and the entertainment which London does, and your husband's ample means could, afford. She will meet all her old cronies and make acquaintance with the new young world. She will be happy in your society and grow young again in London's *joie de vivre*.

We could not have done with her here:

1. Mary's time is wholly taken up with six children and with village affairs.
2. The noise of our boys and tom-boys would drive her mad.
3. The dogs would eat her cats.
4. Shortly the job is yours, not mine.

Yours,
Charles.

(GORDON SIMPSON)

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 127.—SEA FEVER

Operation Orders by Admiral Barnacle, commanding the fleets at exercise:

(1) Three bases have been organised on the coastline of the Dud Sea: Ayport, Beeport, and Ceeport.

(2) Three cruisers of the Blue Fleet are at large in the Dud Sea. Each on receipt of these orders will make for the nearest base and stay there.

(3) The Rear-Admiral commanding the Red Fleet will forthwith invade the Dud Sea, and will invest one or more of the three bases. His force will consist of five battleships. When he has made his dispositions, the position at each base will be assessed as follows:

(*a*) Ayport counts 3 points, Beeport 2 points, Ceeport 1 point, in favour of the Blue Fleet. Each defending cruiser counts 2 points. Each attacking battleship counts 3 points. Thus, if there is a cruiser at Beeport and one Red Fleet battleship arrives there, there is a score of 4 points (Beeport + one cruiser) against 3 in favour of the Blue Fleet.

(*b*) For each base where the balance of points is in his favour the Rear-Admiral commanding the Red Fleet will count the point-value of the base. (3 points if he succeeds at Ayport; and so on.) For each base where the balance of points is against him, he will lose the point-value of the base. If at any base point-strength is equal, the base will count to neither combatant.

(4) The object of the Rear-Admiral commanding the Red Fleet must be to secure as many points as possible, on the above basis of calculation.

What should be the disposition of his battleships?

PROBLEM 125.—CIGARS

Pougham bought three Bolonies on the day of his arrival.

This answer is arrived at by considering the integral solutions of the equation

$$12x + 7y + 3z = 0$$

It will be found that possible values of $x + y + z$ give consecutive numbers from 10 to 26, also 28, 29 and 32. It follows that Pougham bought 26 cigars on the last day of his visit, and therefore 15 cigars on the first. And this implies the purchase of 3 Bolonies, since $x = 3$, $y = 7$, $z = 5$, are the only values of x, y, z consistent with $x + y + z = 15$.

PROBLEM 124.—JOHN CITIZEN (2)

Of forty different arrangements which give Carmen three correct answers, only two satisfy the other conditions of the problem. These are

	1	2	3	4	5	6
(1)	H	S	M	R	F	V
(2)	R	H	V	M	F	S

Hence all that can be stated with certainty is that

Flandin is No. 5.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: E. H. M. Badger, 66 Strand-in-the-Green.

Six points are awarded.

PROBLEM 123.—BLACK HAND

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Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

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WEEK-END CROSSWORD 273

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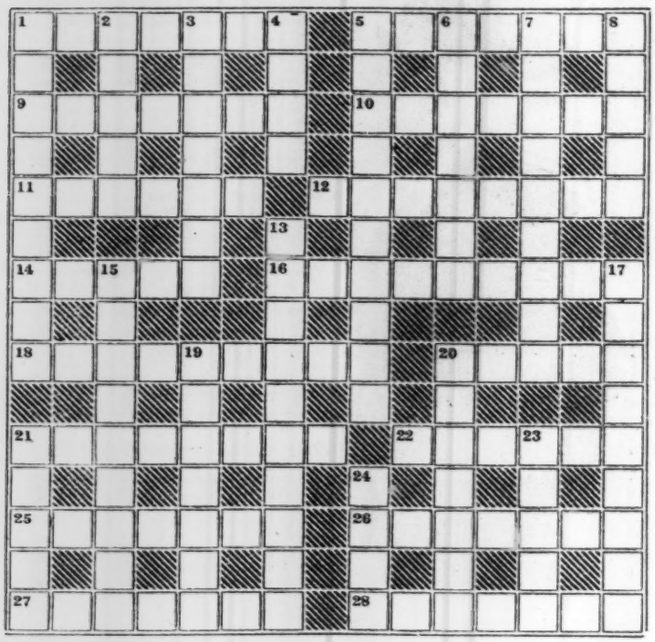


Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
The Rev. A. E. Anderson, Manse of Glenorchy, Dalmaliy, Argyll

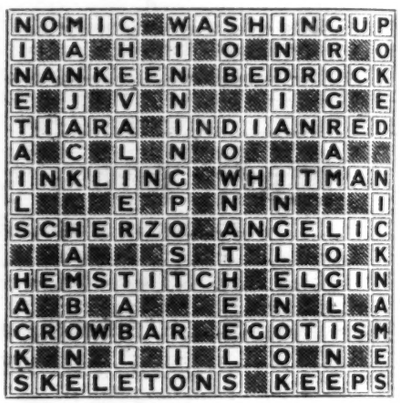
ACROSS

1. The plan indicates that the light is not good round Agra
5. Does it make a seamew?
9. Knightly head of a lonely island.
10. Military crow's foot.
11. Antonio went to him to seal his bond.
12. See 4.
14. Pipes underground.
16. Alarming sort of dark horse as it were.
18. Worn solely on distinguished guest nights.
20. A house for stays.
21. A lightly shod customer.
22. See 8.
25. Guest who was held up by yarn.
26. It's wise to make the punt red.
27. Dad in an ancient knightly disguise.
28. A question of history.

DOWN

1. Lineally a sound signal.
2. A charge for 27 not on the straight.
3. See 4.
4. This 8 3 12 On Monday is a Royal greeting.
5. In these contests the antagonists were pitted against each other and spurred on.
6. All that a man used to wear in the City.
7. Lightly beaming.
8. A comedy has this 22.
13. St. George's favourite pastime with a camera no doubt.
15. Not that one has disposed of one's resting place; one is too much attached to it.
17. The taste of a little honey did Jonathan's eyes.
19. Scientifically practical.
20. Listed on Monday.
21. Made wise cracks.
23. Olympic peace.
24. Semicircular peas.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Thurs., Sat.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Sat.

NEW. Someone at the Door. Thurs., Sat.

PHOENIX. Viceroy Sarah. Thurs. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE DOOMED FRANC—THE "NEW DEAL" AND AFTER—CABLE AND WIRELESS—GLOBE TELEGRAPH

If the economic situation in the "devastated" areas of France were not so tragic, we should be laughing at the futile attempts to save the franc. Last week the Bank of France raised its discount rate from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent. and this week from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. and from 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. Can any Government in its senses believe that a 6 per cent. bank rate is likely to restore confidence? To raise the rate three times in two weeks can only be interpreted as a sign of serious financial trouble and will accentuate, rather than check, the flight from the franc. Capital will not be attracted or seduced by a high rate of interest if there is distrust of the currency itself. Distrust of the franc has caused the biggest rush into gold in history. Gold shops have been opened near the Bank of France to pool the small demands for gold and convert notes into gold bars. The long queues of frightened little rentiers waiting to exchange their dirty pieces of paper for bars of useless metal present a pathetic spectacle. In London the demand for gold has been so keen that buyers have paid a premium up to 2*s.* 6*d.* per ounce above the French shipping parity. The gold losses of the Bank of France last week are estimated at 3,000 million francs, if we include the gold earmarked for our Exchange Equalisation Fund. Nearly the same amount was lost in the previous six weeks. It is quite certain that the French Government will not tolerate the continuance of a drain of gold on such a scale. Gold is the French war chest and national defence requires it to be kept at war strength.

* * *

If the Flandin Government obtains its dictatorial powers it will no doubt proceed, with the help of the British Exchange Equalisation Fund, to punish the bears. Of course, the British E.E.F. will not load itself with francs: it will require gold to be earmarked for its account at the Bank of France. And is it worth while staging a grand offensive against the bears? Bear speculation has certainly been exaggerated. The three months' discount on forward francs may have widened at one time to 5½ francs, which is equivalent to a yield of nearly 30 per cent. per annum if spot francs are bought and sold forward, but the forward market has remained very narrow and could not possibly have dealt with transactions of enormous size. It is not the wicked foreigner who is wrecking the franc: it is the terrified French rentier. Suppose the bears are routed and the franc recovers to 72, what then? The Government may be able to carry on for a month or two, but it will then be urgently in need of funds to meet the losses on the railways and its other budgetary demands. How will the money be raised? The Bank of France is prohibited under its statutes from making advances to the Treasury above a certain limited amount. The Regents of the Bank will defend their constitution until the last parliamentary ditch. Financial and budget difficulties are bound sooner or later to bring the Government down. Each new political crisis will intensify the flight from currency into gold until some frightened Coalition, ordered by the War Office to protect the war chest, claps an embargo on gold exports and allows the franc exchange to break. Even then the Government may funk final devaluation, may declare nonsensically that it remains on gold though "off" in the exchanges, and enact some fresh deflationary measure to make the worst of every possible world!

* * *

Now that the cheering in Wall Street is over let us remember that the "New Deal" is not ended, just because it has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. The experience of the oil industry is an example. The "New Deal" for oil, in the shape of Federal Government control of oil output, was declared unconstitutional towards the end of last year, but new legislation was passed in February, laying the responsibility for the control of production upon the States. Thus it is now illegal to ship oil produced in excess of State regulations, although last year the Supreme Court held that it was legal to ship oil in excess of the Federal Government's regulations. If the "New Deal" can stay for oil, a way round the Supreme Court will always be found in other necessitous cases. Of course, if the big business executives attempt to depress wages under the cloak of the Supreme Court decision there will be trouble and strikes "plenty."

When I recommended Cable and Wireless 5½ per cent. preference stock at 89¾ last week, I had no idea that Mr. J. C. Denison-Pender was about to announce at the general meeting an ingenious scheme for improving the finances of the company. It is proposed to make an offer to the preference stockholders to buy for cancellation up to one-third of their present holdings at par, inclusive of dividend arrears. Preference stockholders need not accept this offer—the price of the stock is now 98 and is talked to over par—and they may well ask where, if they accept cash for one-third of their holdings, they can reinvest the money to bring in a potential yield of 5½ per cent. Let us see, first of all, how the scheme affects the company. The 1934 earnings on the £23,218,875 5½ per cent. preference stock, as I showed last week, amounted to £1,095,000 or 4.72 per cent. Assume that one-third of the preference stock is cancelled and that securities to this amount, yielding on the average about 4¼ per cent., are sold. This would reduce the 1934 earnings by £329,000, leaving £766,000 on £15,480,000 preference stock, or 4.95 per cent. Next, add the extra earnings to be derived this year from the improved traffics (say £120,000 net) and the further savings to be effected in compensation payments to outgoing staff (say £35,000). This gives another 1 per cent., so that the total earnings this year on the reduced preference capital should be about 5.95 per cent. Clearly, this is too good a return for the investor to miss and I would therefore advise the preference stockholder, before supporting the scheme (as he should) and tendering one-third of his stock, to fortify himself by increasing his holding by 50 per cent. So, when one-third of his total holding is cancelled he will find himself possessed of the same amount as before. The "A" ordinary stock has risen to nearly 24, and speculative buying will probably carry it up to 30. I remain of the opinion that it is fully valued. Even if 6 per cent. is earned on the reduced preference stock, the balance available on the £20,766,020 "A" stock outstanding is only equivalent to ⅜ per cent.

* * *

I cannot leave this subject without congratulating the managers of Cable and Wireless on their clever handling of the investment funds. The book value of their funds over the past year increased by about £1,000,000 and the market value by about £2,300,000. It appears from the following summary that the managers took some excellent profits on their holdings of British funds and made some heavy purchases of financial trusts and insurance shares.

Cable and Wireless Portfolio	Book Value. Dec. 31st, 1933. In £ thousands.	Market Value. Dec. 31st, 1933. In £ thousands.	Book Value. Dec. 31st, 1934. In £ thousands.	Market Value. Dec. 31st, 1934. In £ thousands.
British Government	£6,230	£6,371	£5,539	£5,891
Dominion Government and all Corporation Stocks	1,457	1,479	2,225	2,422
Foreign Govt. and Corporation	1,331	948	1,241	1,092
Railways	2,309	2,267	2,028	2,061
Electricity, Gas and Water ..	1,652	1,564	1,719	1,679
Investment Trusts, Financial, Banks and Insurance ..	1,490	1,365	2,051	2,217
Shipping and Communications	527	495	459	453
Commercial, Industrial, etc. ..	1,539	1,435	2,353	2,415
	£16,535	£15,925	£17,615	£18,231

Last year the income of the group from investments was about £604,000, and profit from communications, etc., about £546,000. Cable and Wireless can now claim to be a well-managed investment trust with a promising side-show interest in communications.

* * *

The repayment of one-third of Cable and Wireless preference stock will make a great deal of difference to the Globe Telegraph and Trust Company. At May 31st, 1934, the Globe held £4,823,359 Cable and Wireless preference stock. Repayment of one-third at par would provide the company with £1,607,786 cash and leave £3,215,573 stock. Assuming that the cash is invested to produce 3¼ per cent. net (= 4 guineas gross) and that 5 per cent. less tax is received on the reduced holding of preference stock, earnings on Globe ordinary stock would amount to about £126,000 after payment of dividends on the Globe preference stock. This is equivalent to approximately 10*s.* 8*d.* per share, tax free. The company has just paid 4 shillings tax-free final dividend, making 7 shillings tax free for the year. The Globe also holds £3,131,884 Cable and Wireless "A" and £378,926 "B" stock. At the present market prices of these "A" and "B" stocks the break-up value of Globe ordinary (now quoted at 14½) is nearly £16½ per share.

Company Meeting

ALLIED NEWSPAPERS

INCREASE IN PROFITS

LORD CAMROSE'S REVIEW

The Ordinary General Meeting of Allied Newspapers, Limited, was held on Wednesday in London.

Lord Camrose (the chairman), in the course of his speech, said:—The profits have again taken an upward curve, and the results for the financial year are such as are bound to meet with your approval.

Free Gifts

It would be too much to say that the day of free gifts has altogether gone, but the public is no longer offered the variety and choice of expensive gifts that was the habit at the height of the campaign. To-day the gifts are of a minor character, and consist principally of books. Each of the mass circulation papers has a list of about seven or eight books. If you agree to take a paper for eight weeks you receive a copy of one of these books subject to the payment of 1s. In eight weeks the reader pays 4s. for his paper. The book costs anything from 2s. upwards. Taking it at 2s., it means that the reader gets his paper at a discount of 25 per cent.—always assuming that the book is of value to him—and that the newspaper publisher for copies bought under these conditions gets half what he would receive in the ordinary way.

In addition, there are what are sometimes called "surprise" gifts if the reader qualifies for one or more books. The practice is, of course, nothing like as bad as free gifts on the unrestricted scale of the past, but the system shows a lack of confidence on the part of the newspaper publisher in the contents of his paper, and also the still prevailing desire to obtain temporary readers, regardless of cost, for the purpose of swelling a net sales certificate. It means, too, that there are still hundreds of teams of canvassers touring the country, picking up readers that their papers lost a fortnight previously and will lose again in a fortnight's time.

"Sheer Self-Defence"

I do not pretend that our hands are entirely clean in the matter. When a horde of canvassers larger than usual descends on Lancashire or Scotland we are forced to offset the attack and make book offers ourselves in sheer self-defence. We do not do any more of it than we can help and would be delighted to give it up entirely.

A newspaper relying on the aggressive use of such methods cannot claim to have a genuine sale equal to that which it states in its net sale certificate, and I am glad to see an increasing endeavour on the part of advertisers and their agents to make their own investigations of the advertising value of readers obtained by means of these inducements. Advertising nowadays is such an important industry, and the money expended annually is so large that I have no doubt the day is not far distant when newspapers issuing circulation figures will be compelled to differentiate between their normal sales and the temporary readers.

National Newspapers

Dealing with the newspapers of general sale first, the *Sunday Times*, the leading national Sunday paper, has materially added to its prestige during 1934. The brilliant staff of contributors, covering all phases of the interests of intelligent and cultured men and women, is unexcelled by any other paper in the world.

Our two picture papers of national circulation, the *Daily Sketch* and the *Sunday Graphic*, are as well to the fore as they have ever been, and they continue to show the most satisfactory results to the advertisers.

Speaking generally of our publications, the improvement in advertising which I noted last year has continued during 1934, and is continuing in 1935.

Manchester Publications

Since I last met you, all previous records at Withy Grove—still the largest newspaper publishing office in the country—have been broken. In one recent week we published larger issues of the *Sunday Chronicle*, *Daily Dispatch*, and *Evening Chronicle* than ever before in the history of the papers.

In October last our new machinery enabled us to make the standard issue of the *Empire News* 20 pages.

The completion of our plans for a larger plant at Manchester has also enabled us to produce larger issues of the *Sunday Chronicle*, and that paper has received during the year what is a most satisfactory amount of patronage by the advertiser.

The "Daily Dispatch"

I must also refer to the *Daily Dispatch*, a newspaper which still has the largest circulation of any daily paper published outside London. The *Daily Dispatch* is the national newspaper of the North, if I may use such a description. Although Manchester and Lancashire continue to be the absolute cockpit of newspaper competition, the *Daily Dispatch* continues to hold its own in no uncertain way.

Shareholders will be interested to know that we shall shortly issue the first number of a new evening paper at Reading. At the moment there is no evening paper there.

Glasgow Papers

Our Glasgow newspapers, the *Daily Record*, the *Evening News*, and the *Sunday Mail*, have freely participated in the great trade revival. All three papers have secured increased sales and improved advertising revenue.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

The Barneys "EverFresh" Tin revolutionised the old conceptions of packing Tobacco; by means of it smokers *everywhere* get Barneys *Factory-fresh*. Barneys *is* "EverFresh" the whole World over . . .

. . . The Ideal Tobacco . . . in *perfect* smoking condition . . . and now John Sinclair has completed the formula for the supreme joy of the pipe by introducing "Ready-Fills."

John Sinclair's "Ready-Fills" have solved the old, long-outstanding difficulty in pipe-smoking: how to fill a pipe correctly (half the secret of smoking joy). You just slip one of the *complete* charges into the bowl—and there, in a "jiffy" you have your pipe evenly, uniformly, *perfectly* charged, needing one match only from start to joyous finish.

Barneys

BARNEYS IDEAL

In three strengths: Barneys in *medium*, Punchbowle *full*, and Parsons Pleasure *mild*.

In "EVERFRESH" Tins in 1, 2 and 4 oz. sizes: 1/2 the ounce. "READY-FILLS" in Cartons of 12: 1/2d.

BARNEYS EMPIRE

"*The best Empire yet*" .... cool, sweet and satisfying, without harshness or tang.

In 1 oz. "LEADS" and 2 oz. & 4 oz. "EVERFRESH" Tins: 10½d. the ounce. "READY-FILLS" in Cartons of 12: 10½d

(206) **Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.**

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL. OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

ARUNDEL HOTEL, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.2. Overlooking Thames and Embankment Gardens. Very quiet. 100 rooms. Modern equipment. Room, Breakfast and Bath from 9s. 6d.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly (one night only 5s. 6d.). With dinner, 6s. 6d. or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD. St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

CHELSEA.—Comfortable bed-sitting rooms with hot and cold water, gas fires and electric light, breakfasts, baths, attendance, from 27s. 6d., double 3 guineas, 6s. per night. Dinners optional.—Flaxman House, 105 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 7284.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

YORKSHIRE Dales. 1 mile Aysgarth, 8 miles Buckden. Comfortable guesthouse for energetic or restful holidays. Full or partial board residence. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

THE OLD MILL CLUB, West Harnham. SALISBURY. Large countrified bedrooms with good attendance. 15th century Refectory. Wonderful old Beams. Blazing Log Fires. Three minutes by car from The Close. Terms from 3½ guineas a week.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERMERE. Ideal for an early holiday. Travel *via* Carlisle and Cockermouth. Victoria Golf Hotel. Hot water and electricity in all bedrooms.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, board-residence. Near sea and golf. Beautifully situated. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

TATTOO—ALDERSHOT is but twelve miles from Thorshill Hotel, Hindhead, Surrey, where you will find every comfort and excellent fare. 'Phone: Hindhead 545.

HOWDEN COURT, Torquay. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun room. Private bathrooms if required. Tel. 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

BOURNEMOUTH. Loughtonhurst. West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

ILFRACOMBE, Candar Hotel. Seafront. 80 bedrooms (H. and C.). Vi-spring beds. Lift. Special early season terms. No tipping. Please write for illustrated brochure.

ENGLISH LAKES. Carefree, unconventional holidays under delightful conditions on unique estate. Varied accommodation. Moderate charges. Particulars, LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside.

BEACON Hill School, Boyles Court, South Weald, Essex, will be open for summer visitors from mid-July to mid-September. Very pleasant country accommodation for those with short holidays. For terms write Principal.

COME to unspoilt Surrey and stay at "Pilgrims," Gomshall, the Guest House of character. Lovely garden. Perfect hard tennis court. Own produce.

AT ONICH, in the West Highlands, 10 miles from Fort William, there is a small and comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Linnhe. Full particulars from MISS VELLACOTT. Onich Hotel, Onich, Inverness-shire.

OXFORD, The Castle Hotel. For comfort, service, good food. Meals served till 10 p.m., h. & c. all rooms. Bed and Breakfast, 8s. Special Week-end Terms.

MAY we send you illustrated guide to inform you of the innumerable holiday delights in North Wales? 33 Resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Sunbathing, seabathing, sailing, golfing, fishing, mountain climbing, exploring, touring, and all other sports and amusements. A complete holiday district. Write to Dept. 25, North Wales United Resorts, Bangor, enclosing 2d. stamps. Travel by L.M.S. at a Penny a Mile.

ACHILL, W. of Ireland; finest scenery in Europe; 18 hrs. London; close to sea. Terms, £2 10s. weekly. Apply Postmistress, Dugont.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

LEISURELY TOURS, Danube and Rhine (by steamer), Vienna, Passau, Linz, Nuremberg, Munich, Bingen, 15 days 17 gns. Austrian/Italian Tyrol, Bav. Alps (ramble), steamer down Rhine, 16 days 15 gns. Saar, Moselle and Rhine, 9 days 10 gns. No extras. Good hotels. Book early—number limited. WISEMAN, 19 St. Dunstan's Hill, London, E.C.

THE West of Ireland, Achill Island, finest coast scenery in Western Europe. Ideal for walking and bathing. Eighteen hours from London. Constant hot water, 2 bathrooms. Weekly inclusive terms, £3. MRS. BARRETT, Amethyst House Hotel, Keel, Achill.

RESTFUL, quiet accommodation among apple blossom, orchards, old world village. Constant hot water. Efficient catering. Mrs. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden, Kent. 'Phone 46.

SUMMER DIET CURE. Build up sunshine within, Withstand all disease. LADY MARGARETS (Fruitarian). Doddington, Kent.

GALLOWAY. Sea, Moors, Hills. A lovely country: Comfort and good food in old farmhouse, bathroom, h. and c. Garage. Mrs. MENZIES, DRUMDOCH, STRANRAER.

GUERNSEY, Grande Mare, Vazon Bay. Visitors accommodated in old converted farmhouse facing beach. MRS. CLARKE.

ACHILL. West of Ireland. Magnificent, scenery, bathing, fishing, home comforts. Irish hospitality. Dugont Hotel, Achill.

SUSSEX. Old farmhouse, modernised. Lovely unspoilt country. Good food. Quiet. Telephone: Pulborough 90. Descriptive folder, Mims, Pythingdean, Pulborough.

CHAPEL RIDDING GUEST HOUSE, WINDERMERE. Beautiful position; large grounds; garage; central heating, all comforts. Moderate terms. Resident owners. Telephone: W'mere 285.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, MARKET HARBORO', invites people going North and South, East and West, to use the Three Swans. Now delightful; h. & c. water, fixed and odd meals always.

DEEPDENE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Vegetarian Guest House, sea bathing, sandy beach 10 mins., tennis, ping-pong, etc. Glorious walking country; private car for hire 6d. mile, 4 pass. seats. 2½-3 gns. to end of June, then 3-4 gns. Every comfort. Air journey from London (Heston) 40 mins., air port ½ mile. Mrs. WYNNE. Shanklin 254. Also at 33 Courtfield Road, S.W.7. Frobisher 2094. 2½-3 gns. Partial board from 2 gns.

CAPEL CURIG, Towers Guest House, grounds 70 acres. Conducted excursions (optional), evening entertainments, liberal table, hard tennis court, free trout fishing. Terms, 60s. (season). Seaside centre at Borth-y-Gest. Prog. Free. Tel.: 26. N. S. KERR.

BOURNEMOUTH. Upton Guest House, Rosemount Road. Secluded Position in Alum Chine. Near Sea. Garage. Terms from 2½ gns. Brochure available. Whitsun from 27s. 6d. 'Phone: 4699.

THE Chilterns. Old World Inn. 500ft. up. Fully Licensed. Golf adjoining. Accommodation. Good Country Fare. The Plough Inn, Cadsdean, Princes Risborough, Bucks. Send for particulars.

LITTLE MISSENDEN ABBEY, Great Missenden, Bucks., is now open to receive visitors interested in the work of a free school, comfortable guest house, beautiful grounds, country walks, tennis, riding and golf. Terms from 25s. week-ends, 2½ gns. weekly. MRS. LISTER-KAYE. Great Missenden 73.

SCOTLAND, pleasant holiday assured in lovely country mansion, Burns' country, tennis, golf, excursions, comfort, refinement, special diet if required. Milrig House, Galston, Ayrshire. 'Phone 49.

WYE VALLEY Guest House and Craft Centre. Vegetarian Diet. Barn House, Brockweir, Chepstow, Mon.

YOUTH HOUSE CLUB CAMP, June 29th to July 13th. Allguer Alps, inclusive cost £8 10s. Particulars CAMP SEC., 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

SWITZERLAND, WILDERSWIL (Interlaken) Park Hotel and Pension des Alpes. Homelike Family Hotel, with every modern convenience. Garage. Splendid view of Jungfrau, etc. Centre for Walks and Daily Excursions. Special terms for 1935. MMES. E. & M. LUTHI, Props.

RIVIERA.—Small comfortably furnished flat facing south and overlooking the sea, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, sitting room, bathroom, £9 per month, 3 months £24 Pension if desired. Sea Hotel, Cap Martin, A.M.

AUSTRIAN LAKES. Wonderful holiday in glorious scenery. Charming, cultivated family, speaking French and English, takes guests in villa on outskirts of tourist centre. 9s. per day. Information from MISS JOEKES, 22 Sheldon Ave., N.6.

FRAU E. VON KAMEKE, Mariental 42 Eisenach, Thüringia, Germany. Splendid district. Beautiful garden. Every comfort. Special attention to languages if desired. Reference: Professor W. G. Whittaker, The University, Glasgow.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER HOLIDAY GROUP, SALZBURG. Adolescent boys and girls. July-Sept. 12 guineas per month. Apply Dr. Madeleine Ekenberg, Halcyon Club, Cork Street, London.

FABIAN SOCIETY'S Summer School, 1935, at Frensham Heights, near Farnham, Surrey, August 3rd to 31st inclusive. Daily lectures or debates on Socialism and current problems. Bathing, tennis, excursions, etc. Full particulars and terms from the Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., London, S.W.1.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

VISIT WELWYN AND SELECT YOUR PERFECT HOUSE £50 to £120 p.a. (30 minutes King's Cross—season ticket 1s. 4d. a day). Really lovely houses with large gardens in beautiful and permanently protected surroundings. Close to station, yet 5 minutes from open country free of bungaloid monstrosities. Good schools, shops, cinema, theatre, ample playing fields, cheap golf, tennis, cricket, etc. Houses to purchase £525 to £2,300. Sites available, wooded or otherwise. Advice given on all difficulties of choice or purchase. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

TO LET, FURNISHED, LAKE DISTRICT: (*a*) cottage (5 beds), in beautiful position near the Hard Knott Pass in Eskdale; (*b*) small farmhouse (5 beds), at head of Haweswater in Mardale—Especially reasonable terms for 4 or more weeks. May–September. SYMONDS, Bird How, Boot.

DAWLISH. Unfurnished new modern bungalow with two large bedrooms upstairs. Specially designed for elderly or invalid person. Situated Southern slope overlooking sea and moor. £70. Box 772, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SUSSEX DOWNS. Lewes district. 5-bedroom house to be let for August. Garden, tennis court, paddock, etc. 11 miles from sea. Servants left if wanted. Full particulars on application. Box 776, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

RIVERSIDE Bungalow on quiet backwater. 2½-3½ Gns. Might sell furnished. All electric. Fleur, 8 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Flaxman 0862.

TO be let furnished, old thatched cottage, 8 rooms, bath and kitchen. Thaxted, 6 miles, Cambridge 18. Whole, 3 guineas, or part, self-contained, 2½ guineas per week. Apply Park 4706, or Box 766, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BERTRAND RUSSELL wishes to let unfurnished six-roomed cottage on South Downs (600ft.). Fine views, electric light: £1 a week. Also two one-room bungalows, one furnished: 7s. 6d. a week each. Apply SPENCE, Telegraph House, Harting, Petersfield.

EASTBOURNE. Gentlepeople would let sunny bed-sittingroom, excellent bed, breakfast, only 27s. 6d. 3/21 Hyde Gardens.

YOUNG or Mid-aged person (or parent and child) who will share mod. expenses country home, not req. much service, rather than be conventnl. p.g., may have choice rooms pleasant views, separate study, sleep-out, facilities, acre gdn., garage, good vegtn. food. Bucks. Box 770, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

UNFURNISHED Flat. 2 rooms, kitchen, box-room, balcony; c.h.w., £85 p.a. 15 mins. West End. 23 Canfield Gdns, N.W.6. Mai. 3230.

NEAR Hampstead Heath. Hall floor flat, unfurnished, with garden, 3 rooms, kitchenette, share bathroom, telephone, moderate rent. Box 777, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London. W.C.1,

BLOOMSBURY. Self-contained mansion flat, two rooms, kit., bath, telephone, to let furnd. July and/or August. Box 769, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BED-SITTING-ROOM, every convenience, use of bathroom, 'phone; rent 12s. 6d. 117 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

AT LAST

MAYFAIR BED-SITTING Rooms in lovely old Bloomsbury Square. From 30s. Mus. 5856. 4 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

OVERLOOKING Regent's Park. Modern Self-cont. flat. One room, kitchen, bathroom, hall. Pri 6081 before 9.0, after 7.0.

BED-SITTING-ROOM, furnished, newly decorated, charming house, use of dining and drawing rooms, meals optional. Fleur, 8 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10.

HAMPSTEAD. Modern d van room, hot and cold, central heating, every convenience, meals optional. 109 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK, well furnished bed-sitting room, central heating, h. and c., 'phone, meals as required. 73 Albert Road.

LOANS

PRIVATE ADVANCES AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Regent 5983.) 8 Clifford St., New Bond St., London, W.1.

Ready shortly: free on request
CATALOGUE No. 475: Books in New Condition at Reduced Prices
BOWES·CAMBRIDGE·ENGLAND

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs
One Year, post free - - - 30s. 0d.
Six months ,, ,, - - - 15s. 0d.
Three ,, ,, ,, - - - 7s. 6d.
All communications should be addressed
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, *The Week-end Review*,
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advt. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, Sunday, June 2nd, at 11. MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: THE ETHICS OF PUNISHMENT. 7. MR. JOHN KATZ: RELIGION AS FAITH IN CIVILISATION.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, June 2, at 11 a.m.: DR. MORITZ BONN: "IS CAPITALISM DOOMED IN THE UNITED STATES?" Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, June 2nd, at 6.30 p.m. DR. MAUDE ROYDEN: WHY RELIGION?

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

PARENTS interested in having a progressive school started in their district (country preferred) for children from 2½ years, write Box 775, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls (ages 4-18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills. 61 acres. 550ft. above sea-level. Sound education on free individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects, including arts, crafts, music dancing, eurhythmics. Aims: at developing harmonised cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105-165 per annum.

BEACON HILL SCHOOL, Boyle's Court, South Weald, Essex (nearest village, Great Warley) Co-educational, from two years. Applies modern knowledge in diet, psychology and teaching methods. Moderate fees, easily accessible, but in lovely country surroundings. Majority of trained staff with five years experience in the school itself. Inquiries to DORA RUSSELL, Principal.

KESWICK SCHOOL: ENGLISH LAKES. Co-educational. Ages 6-18. Fees £82 (or less).

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL for Girls and Boys. Sound education on modern lines. Apply MISS WALKERDINE, B.A., 10 Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, Reading. Preparatory School for boys, 6½-14. Good staff, grounds workshops, swimming bath. Free family life. Headmaster, H. E. MAKINS, M.A. Oxon.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

PINEWOOD, Crowborough, Sussex, 700ft. a.s.l. adjoining Ashdown Forest. Progressive Home School for boys and girls, 3-12 years. Individual education. Open air life. Entire charge taken. Apply Principals.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
TUTORS FOR ALL EXAMS.
Prospectuses and reliable information forwarded free of charge.
The age of the pupil, district preferred, and rough idea of fees should be given.
A. & J. PATON, Educational Agents, 143 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. Tel.: Mansion House 5053.

OXFORD, Wychwood School for Girls. Founded 1897; recognised by B. of Ed. Eighty pupils aged 6-18. Special civics, literature, art, music. Preparation for Universities. Swimming, boating, lacrosse, netball, tennis. Health record exceptional. Aim, to unite sound modern education on lines of individual freedom with older standards of courtesy and consideration. MARGARET LEE, M.A. (Oxon.), GERALDINE RHEIN, B.Litt. (Oxon.).

HURTWOOD SCHOOL,
EASLAKE Nr. GUILDFORD.
Boarding and Day School
for
Boys and Girls
(from 3 years)
Welcomes children from homes of widely va.ying outlook and encourages free discussion.
The aim of the school is to produce healthy well-balanced individuals with humour, originality, and good sense, which will enable them to use their knowledge and individuality wisely in the service of society. Full prospectus from the Headmistress. MISS JANET JEWSON, M.A., N.F.U.

OAKLEA, BUCKHURST HILL, ESSEX (recognised by Board of Education). Girls 8 to 19. P.N.E.U. programmes followed. Individual time-tables for "Citizens" over 12. Handicrafts, eurhythmics, gardening, riding in forest, etc. Oxford Examination Centre. Principal: BEATRICE GARDNER.

THE LAURELS, RUGBY. Girls 8-18, carefully prepared for home life or professional careers. Large, efficient staff. Individual attention. Good buildings and grounds. Prospectus on application to THE PRINCIPALS.

SCHOOLS—continued

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
A Public School for Girls. (Founded 1858.)
Visitor, The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.
Sound education is combined with preparation for world citizenship, full advantage being taken of School Journeys abroad and of the proximity of the City and University of Bristol for cultural, educational and social purposes. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY
NORTH WALES.
Recognised by Board of Education.
Headmistress:
MISS E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books.
Junior Department, ages five to ten.

BEDALES, Petersfield, Hants. The pioneer co-educational Public School (founded 1893). Separate Junior House. For particulars of Scholarships offered, apply to the Headmaster, J. H. BADLEY, M.A., Camb.

L'AVENIR, Chesières-Villars, Switzerland. Co-educational (4-18). Altitude, 4,100 feet.

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10-19. Playing fields park, woodland, 93 acres. Riding, Swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages. Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120-£180 p.a.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3-10. Girls 3-12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

SCHOLARSHIPS

KING'S SCHOOL, Bruton, Somerset. Examination for three Scholarships and seven Exhibitions on June 25th, 26th, 27th. Apply HEADMASTER.

TRAINING CENTRES

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE.
255 CROMWELL ROAD, S. KENSINGTON, S.W.5.
provides an efficient training in delightful surroundings, ALL SECRETARIAL SUBJECTS TAUGHT.
Prospectus on application. Frobisher 3642

MAYFAIR
SECRETARIAL COLLEGE
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